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*Dramatic
Miscellanies.*

*Collected by
Thomas P. Barton.
Volume*

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May 1873

T H E
D R A M A .

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T H E
D R A M A,
A
P O E M.

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NOTES

DEDICATION.

To ARTHUR MURPHY, *Esq*;

S I R,

THOUGH I cannot boast the Honour of a personal acquaintance with you, yet it would be passing the severest Censure on myself, to declare I had not that intellectual one, which the world, in general, claim with Men of distinguished Abilities. I will not trespass on your Delicacy, by giving Vent to the Fullness of my Admiration, or by repeating what is already
universally

universally known and acknowledged. I only solicit your Patronage for the feeble Offspring of a friendless Muse, conscious I cannot lay it before a better Judge than you, Sir, whose Writings have been so long the Prop and Ornament of the DRAMA; and that if any thing can give it shelter, it must be the protecting Influence of your Name.

I have the Honour to remain,

S I R,

Your most humble and

obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

T H E
D R A M A.

S E V E R E his task in these degen'rate days,
Who rashly dares to grasp one sprig of Bayes;
The frown of censure, and pale envy's blight,
Long damp his ardour, and retard his flight.
In form of critic, lo ! where link'd they stand,
With pride and dulness fix'd on either hand,
Pointing with rugged thorns the painful steep,
They ne'er ascend, tho' round it doom'd to creep.

B

Not

Not so, when Greece and Rome aspir'd to fame,
 Then critic, and sound judgment were the same ;
 The poet fought the gen'rous critic's aid,
 And the same laurel gave them both a shade ;
 With all the terrors beating at my heart,
 A novice feels in first essays of art,
 With greatest homage for superior pow'rs,
 Trembling I seek the muse's sacred bow'rs ;
 Sentenc'd in fancy, ere my fate be known,
 As Churchill's theme I've rashly made my own.

Mistaken zeal, with folly at her side,
 Oft has the Drama and its sons decr'd ;
 Gave the profession faults which nature knew,
 And judg'd the many from an erring few.
 Strictures like these for laughter only call,
 From their own weakness they must quickly fall.

Let

Let railing bigots, and let pedant fools,
 Of morals prate, and precepts taught in schools,
 Such clouds dissolve at merit's dazzling ray,
 As mists are melted by the eye of day :
 Shall he, whose quick'ning, animated frame,
 Electric like, collects the poet's flame ?
 Whose glowing breast feels ev'ry passion roll,
 And yields a body to great Shakespear's soul ;
 Gives him each ornament of art and grace,
 And holds his mirror up to nature's face,
 Not gain the meed of well-earn'd honest fame ?
 GARRICK, step forward, and assert your claim.
 Here charm'd attention could for ever wait,
 Fixt on thy beauties, unconfin'd as great,
 And wrapt in visions of thy magic skill,
 Indulge the transports which my bosom fill.

But

But what, tho' language were to feeling true,
 Expressing strongly all in thought I view,
 What could it add, O GARRICK, to thy name,
 Already foremost on the lists of fame ?
 Warm'd, I may tell, as diff'rent masks he wears,
 We shake with laughter, or dissolve in tears,
 Dwell on his spirit, judgment, taste, and grace,
 And the keen light'nings flashing from his face ;
 But once behold the wonders of his art,
 You'll find those drawn by nature on your heart ;
 To point his excellence, or speak his praise,
 But stamps fresh value on the poet's lays.

Next on the line, yet distant, BARRY stands,
 And takes precedence of the tragic bands.
 Nor does presumption only prop his claim,
 Once genius warm'd him with her finest flame.

In

In love's soft transports, or its wasting care,
 I feel each rapture, ev'ry pang I share ;
 If in the Moor, by wildest passions preſt,
 Who does not find the ſtorm aſſail his breaſt ?
 Now worn with years, and almoſt quench'd his beam,
 He faintly glimmers like the embers gleam ;
 Yet in the ſparks of his expiring light,
 Proves that the blaze which fir'd him once was bright :
 Thus the grand column, or majestic dome,
 Rear'd in the ſplendor of old Greece or Rome,
 Tho' broke with tempeſts, and by time decay'd,
 Retain a greatneſs, e'en in ruins laid.

Tho' weak the million, and to judge unfit,
 Still cuſtom dubs them arbiters of wit ;
 Their breath alone 'tis ſwells the trump of fame,
 And ſounds the poet's or the ſage's name.

Severe decree, and most the actor's bane,
 Whose art is tried by folly's giddy train.
 This MACKLIN felt, tho' merit's sterling seal,
 Long pass'd him current in theatric scale.
 Grant him unequal to his daring aim,
 Did former service no indulgence claim ?
 Too high ambition might have soar'd for praise,
 But yet 'twas mingled with a wish to please :
 Thus far humanity and justice plead ;
 Now let us speak as taste and candour lead.
 Dark was his col'ring, but conception strong ;
 If hard his manner, still it ne'er was wrong.
 Warm'd with the poet, to the part he rose,
 His anger fir'd us, and his terror froze ;
 And more ; where quaintness shut out meaning's day,
 MACKLIN threw light with fine discernment's ray :

If

If these are truths, which envy's self must breathe,
 Applause should crown him with her greenest wreath.

Where, on her native quarry next to light,
 Shall the muse bend her melancholy flight ?
 Now half her sons are swept by death's fell pow'r,
 And scarce a gleam of hope remains of more.

O, sacred fire ! which once with active heat,
 In POWELL's and in MOSSOP's bosoms beat,
 Where art thou fled ? or dost thou only rest
 In GARRICK's and in BARRY's feeling breast ?

No, replies genius ; I have found a part,
 A favourite mansion in a female heart,
 Where steady judgment and fine taste prepare
 Their richest off'rings, to detain me there ;
 Behold, where beauty, in the shape of grace,
 With sweetness beams from BARRY, form and face ;

There

There I reside, enamour'd of the feat,
 Heedless of envy or ambition's cheat,
 And ne'er will quit her, 'till my rival time,
 Shall ravish life, as well as youth and prime.

A handsome figure, with an easy mien,
 Are all SMITH'S requisites to fill the scene;
 Flat, without compass, drawling on the ear,
 In one dull tone th'unvaried voice we hear;
 No flame of passion ever yet he knew,
 Or, changing character, appear'd once new;
 Person alone first gave him to the stage,
 And habit guards him in this easy age.

REDDISH wants pow'r, th'emotion strong to raise,
 But his attention gains, and merits praise;
 Tho' voice and feeling small assistance lend,
 He oft has pleas'd, and seldom does offend;

Unless

Unless, when folly fain would have him great,
And rant and stare usurp expression's feat.

O, how it moves me to the taunting jibe,
To hear some groundling of th'itin'rant tribe;
York, Bath, or Norwich, rank with DRURY's scene,
Now Frodsham's gone, and Inchbald has been seen.
What, tho' their Lee boasts some faint strokes of art,
Does he e'er touch with sympathy the heart?
Where is that grace, that station which commands,
Applause's tribute with her hundred hands?
His person's vulgar, his deportment's bad,
And tame correctness all he ever had.

Hibernia, whence the stage recruits her force,
Has just sent LEWIS to the Thespian course;
Bless'd with those happy requisites to please,
A person, spirit, elegance, and ease.

D

How

How cold shone Belcour before LEWIS came;
 'Twas he restor'd him to the poet's flame :
 Passions like his, such genuine active fire,
 May claim, indeed, the god of day for fire.

BENSLEY has little, save what art supplies,
 For step-dame nature almost all denies ;
 Gloom shades his aspect, discord's in his tone,
 His joy's as grating as his tragic moan.
 Yet such a charm can industry impart,
 Aided by worth, and merit of the heart,
 That he stands higher on dramatic line,
 Than he, whose talents, more than virtues, shine.

Of all her suitors in the Thespian art,
 Thalia holds KING nearest to her heart ;
 Fix'd in his eye, the smiling goddess fits,
 And thence deals laughter with its loudest fits.

Ease and indulgence oft at merit's throne,
 Prefer'd their plea, and claim'd him as their own ;
 Their wish obtained, Thalia then appear'd,
 Struck with a danger which she long had fear'd ;
 Her sister's fables, and her tears she wore,
 To woo the truant to her arms once more :
 Subdu'd, the lover's fondness stood confess'd,
 And clasp'd his weeping mistress to his breast ;
 Vow'd to be constant to the suppliant maid,
 Till death dissolv'd the union nature made.

That part, an actor in the bloom of life
 Plays with success, he takes to him for wife,
 Simpers and ogles with a wither'd face,
 And trips the beau with antiquated grace.
 Tho' WOODWARD once might boast of sprightly ease,
 And ev'ry frolic wantonness to please,

Why

Why must he gambol after youth is fled,
 And winter scatters hoar upon his head ?
 Still there's a cast his talents to employ,
 Razor or Bobadil can never cloy.

When partial nature gifts a fav'rite son,
 With more than toiling art had ever won,
 Should not the muse, if sloth the bounty mar,
 Censure the culprit who neglects her care ?
 SHUTER, tho' blest'd with humour's richest vein,
 And skill to reach the highest comic strain,
 Forgets his patroness, and flights her boon,
 And, when he wants his part, becomes buffoon.

As folly's offspring sport in fashion's glare,
 Flutt'ring in silks, with well-bred shrug and stare,
 The insect tribe DODD paints with nicest art,
 And gives a double edge to satire's dart.

Nature

Nature has dealt to CLINCH with lib'ral hand,
 Talents, which cultur'd, might applause command ;
 But vain the grant, and slow must rise his fame,
 Unless the manager will fan the flame.

BRERETON has person, is not void of grace,
 But wants the energy of voice and face ;
 In gay description, or in polish'd ease,
 His taste and judgment never fail to please.
 And when by time he's ripen'd on the bow,
 He'll merit that success he wishes now.

Let those whom pride attract, not sense and choice,
 Expire in raptures at an eunuch's voice,
 And feigning transports which they never felt,
 At unintelligible nonsense melt.

For me, a plain, rough, honest Briton bred,
 Who oft have err'd, but by my heart was led,

E

Who,

Who, tho' a monarch shou'd his favours heap,
 Dare spurn at folly, and at op'ra sleep :
 I call on VERNON, if a sound must feast,
 To stamp it with the currency of taste.

Few can, like BANNISTER, with humour strong,
 Do equal justice both to wit and song ;
 And could the muse award the mimic praise,
 FOOT would not stand much higher in her lays.

Faint as a shadow CAUTHERLEY glides by,
 And melts without impression on the eye.
 When DIBDIN's boast was a composer's name,
 He stood the rival of the author's fame,
 Till seiz'd with madness, not poetic fire,
 He rashly dar'd himself to touch the lyre,
 When Phœbus, shock'd at discord not his own,
 Gave him to censure with her hiss and groan.

A greater bard, on MOODY'S brow has plac'd
A wreath with which it ever must be grac'd ;
Conscious I cannot give increase of bays,
I'll add, at least, my humble meed of praise.

QUICK wants not parts, but SHUTER is the fun
Round which he moves, and borrows all his fun.

In the harsh parent, or the rustic boor,
DUNSTALL and PARSONS shew strong comic pow'r.

PALMER gives spirit to the sprightly scene,
By gay deportment and a pleasing mien :
But when he woos the tuneful queen of tears,
His accents wound the muse's finer ears ;
Shock'd at the sound, we scarcely can believe
That the same man cou'd ever pleasure give.

Without an effort, WESTON gains applause,
Nature has made him what the poet draws :

Others,

Others, with trick, and stage manœuvre aim,
 To strike the groundlings, and their clap obtain;
 Shew Johnson's Druggier, skill'd in Broughton art,
 And Scrub, instead of fool, a downright smart:
 But he, superior to such paltry aid,
 Ne'er makes a jest but what his author made;
 True humour, free from taint of low grimace,
 Or wild distortion, sits upon his face:
 Tho' laughter shake, unconscious he receives
 The echoing plaudit public favour gives.

LEWES, in Marlow, makes his audience feel,
 That he has head and heart as well as heel.

The needy emigrant from Gallia's shore,
 The butt of ridicule since time of yore,
 Who struts in frippery and tinsell'd stuff,
 And jabbbers nonsense, as he scoops up snuff;

BADD'LY,

BADD'LY, with humour's pencil, strongly draws,
And meets, as he deserves, with warm applause.

Cold, and unmeaning, AICKIN fills a part,
And never gains the head, or moves the heart.
With jointed sound, proceed his jarring tones,
Like currents harsh, and broke with beds of stones.
His acting's vapid, it wants feeling's soul,
To warm and quicken, into life the whole.

HULL's always perfect, and displays an aim,
To catch the poet's spirit, and his flame;
At times, he soars beyond chill medium's line,
And shews some sparks of excellence that shine.

What numbers censure, but how few judge right,
On subjects, which demand the soul's keen fight;
Each puny witling, from stark folly vain,
Dares JOHNSON's talents, or a SWIFT's arraign,

Merit by malice, not with taste they scan,
And damn the art, because they hate the man:

'Tis certain MELMOTH has not gain'd that height,
On which perfection seated, drops her flight.
His person too wants weight, but then his heart,
Springs in his words, and animates each part.
Apollo pleads his cause; and dare the muse,
To hear her prince, and patron's voice refuse?

WROUGHTON has person, and conception just,
But wants strong feeling to be rank'd as first.
A happy aspect, and a wish to please,
Deserve at least, if not extort our praise.

When furly winter with his felon train,
Flies to some cavern on the howling main,
And blooming summer leads the sprightly hours,
Then FOOTE collects his vagrant scatter'd pow'rs,

Poet

Poet and manager, at once he stands,
 And starts upon the town his motley bands.
 'Tis rash to censure, where the public praise
 Gives to the actor, and the author bays.
 But sure applause, should never be his meed,
 Who sports with faults which weyward fate decreed,
 Who breaks that tye, which binds each noble breast,
 And stabs his friend before he'll lose his jest.
 Success is giddy, as the veering blast,
 And when it is not just, can never last.
 Tho' now the senseless rabble may esteem,
 The home-felt col'ring of his time-wrought scene,
 Ages to come, where poets should appeal,
 Will never laugh at what they cannot feel.
 Person and elegance are YATES's claim,
 They're her chief passports, to the court of fame.

Her

Her action's moulded into grace, and ease,
 And plaudits from the nicest judgement raise.
 Kindling she glows with all the poet's fires,
 And strongly feeling ev'ry heart inspires.
 Still with a sigh, too clearly we behold,
 The greatest spirit must with years wax cold.

YOUNG's speaking's just, her action too is right,
 Yet seem like nymphs in boddice lac'd too tight,
 What need so oft, the close join'd hands to raise ;
 Or bow like Bramin in his idol's praise.
 And then that stalk, which Zanga well befits,
 But ne'er with grace on female softness sits.
 Yet spite of all her faults, her merits shine,
 And prove her YATES's rival on the line.

How shall I treat thee, HARTLEY, to preserve,
 That homage, candour and the fair deserve?

For

For sure if Venus chose a mortal mould,
 The radiance of her charms divine t'enfold,
 HARTLY had been, the sacred, envi'd feat,
 To which a goddess may indeed retreat.
 Beauty, like charity, a charm spreads wide,
 Veiling a multitude of faults beside.

Spirit, and grace, BARSANTI I allow,
 And hope to see her what a POPE is now.

MACKLIN has judgment solid, taste refin'd,
 With every bright embellishment of mind;
 No charm, or spells, within her dimples lie,
 Or fluttering cupids, ambush in her eye.
 Sheer merit only, and the force of skill,
 First gained her trophies, and maintain them still;
 No touch of harmony can strike the heart,
 With half that magic CATLEY's strains impart;

G

But

But folly, as if envious of her fame,
 With gesture vulgar, and uncouth, proclaim,
 That acting in a female should have grace,
 Or modesty, at least, to fill it's place.

Of sterling humour, GREEN has ample store,
 Perhaps e'en CLIVE was never blessed with more.
 Mark where in Heidleberg, th' extreams of life,
 Like Groom, and Peer, are constantly at strife ;
 Or else when Termagant, with luckless hit,
 Stumbles on nonsense, in her search for wit.
 And if a STANHOPE's precept have no weight,
 You'll own by laughter, that her merit's great ;

No woman without beauty, or great skill,
 Can, or cou'd ever, on the stage excell.
 That prop alone, supports a MELMOTH's name,
 While the sad want prevents a MATTOCK's fame.

If music's voice, the throbbing breast can move,
 Or melting softness, wake the soul to love ;
 If mild expression, beaming from a face,
 Where sweetness revels with resistless grace,
 Can cold attention into rapture warm,
 Behold in BADD'LY ev'ry pow'r to charm.

What CLIVE was once, POPE is, as Churchill told,
 'Ere rip'ning time her talents cou'd unfold :
 Late may the stage lament her absent aid,
 And never, till with equal genius paid.

How few can ever reach that happy line,
 Where sense, and spirit, by their union shine ;
 And softned into ease, with nicest art,
 Assail at once, the judgment and the heart.
 That rarest talent, ABINGTON alone,
 Possesses in perfection, all her own.

What

What woman else, with such a grace displays
 The courtly manners, and true polish'd ease.
 Her skill gives sanction to vain fashion's flare,
 And makes the critic even folly bear.

Fresh crouds press forward on the muse's sight,
 But pass like shadows, at th'approach of night.
 So when the Trojan, future time t'explore,
 Sought the dusk limits of the Stygian shore,
 The Ghosts in throngs beset the Hero round,
 With feeble clamours, and a shrieking sound;
 But when he stretch'd, the fading forms to chase,
 Their bodies melt, he grasps the vacant space.
 Yet still these nothings, insolent and vain,
 Expect proud reason's sentence to obtain.
 Then mark my tale, and weigh the moral well,
 If right conceiv'd, 'twill folly's rudeness quell.

The

The vain Florella once, at pride's command,
Sat for her portrait to a famous hand :
The painter tried the utmost of his skill,
But found it baffled by the object still.
No trace of character, or glow of heart,
Flush'd on her face, to strike the glance of art.
In fruitless toil, he saw his work must end,
When mind, and soul no inspiration lend.
Then bade the fool, some other artist try,
Sick of the task, and laid his pencil by.

F I N I S.

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

G A R R I C K.

(Price One Shilling.)

6

W E R S

To the Editor of

G V R I C K

(Price One Shilling.)

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

G A R R I C K.

S P O K E N A S

A M O N O D Y,

A T

The Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

(By Sheridan.)

L O N D O N:

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M, DCC, LXXIX..

V E R S E

THE HISTORY OF

GEORGE RICK

OF THE
COUNTY OF
SURREY
IN THE
REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY
GEORGE THE SECOND

By
J. RICK
Author of
THE HISTORY OF
THE COUNTY OF
SURREY

T O THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
C O U N T E S S S P E N C E R,

Whose APPROBATION and ESTEEM were JUSTLY CONSIDERED by

Mr. G A R R I C K

AS THE HIGHEST PANEGYRICK
HIS TALENTS OR CONDUCT COULD ACQUIRE,
THIS IMPERFECT TRIBUTE TO HIS

M E M O R Y

IS, WITH GREAT DEFERENCE, INSCRIBED

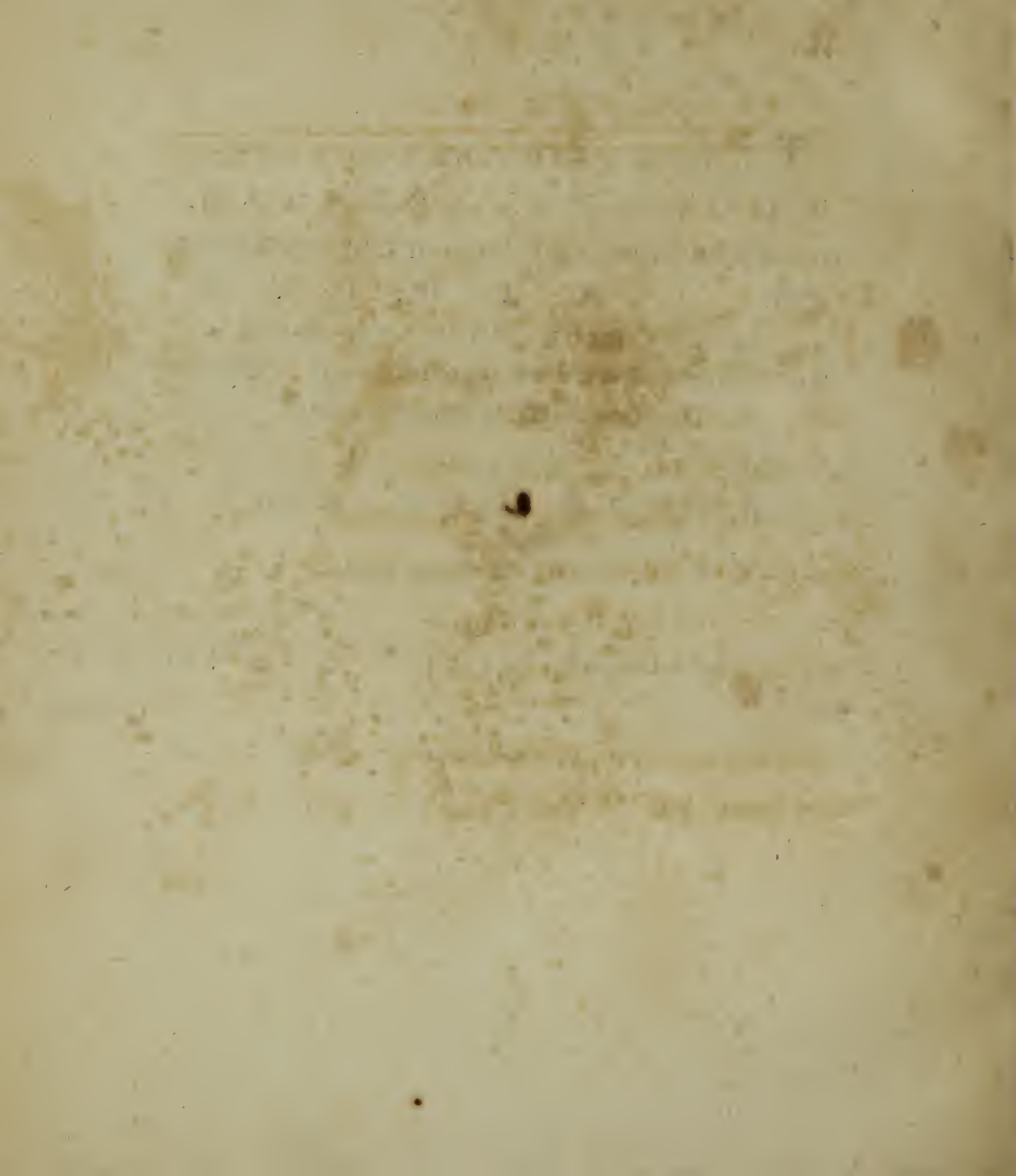
BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

MARCH 25th, 1779.



IF dying EXCELLENCE deserves a Tear,
If fond Remembrance still is cherished here,
Can we persist to bid your Sorrows flow
For fabled Suffe'rs, and delusive Woe?
Or with quaint Smiles dismiss the plaintive Strain,
Point the quick Jest—indulge the Comic Vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—
One kind Regret—one tributary Line!

His Fame requires we act a tenderer Part :—
His MEMORY claims the Tear you gave his ART!

The

The general Voice, the Meed of mournful Verse,
 The splendid Sorrows that adorned his Hearse,
 The Throng that mourn'd as their dead Favourite pass'd,
 The grac'd Respect that claim'd him to the last,
 While SHAKESPEAR's Image from its hallow'd Base,
 Seem'd to prescribe the Grave, and point the Place,—
 Nor these,—nor all the sad Regrets that flow
 From fond Fidelity's domestic Woe,—
 So much are GARRICK's Praise—so much his DUE—
 As on this Spot—One Tear bestow'd by You.

Amid the Arts which seek ingenuous Fame,
 OUR toil attempts the most precarious Claim!
 To HIM, whose mimic Pencil wins the Prize,
 Obedient Fame immortal Wreaths supplies:

Whate'er

Whate'er of Wonder REYNOLDS now may raise,
 RAPHAEL still boasts cotemporary Praise:
 Each dazzling Light, and gaudier Bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd Awe His Works are view'd:
 E'en Beauty's Portrait wears a softer Prime,
 Touch'd by the tender Hand of mellowing Time.

The patient SCULPTOR owns an humbler Part,
 A ruder Toil, and more mechanic Art;
 Content with slow and timorous Stroke to trace
 The lingering Line, and mould the tardy Grace:
 But once atchieved—tho' barbarous Wreck o'erthrow
 The sacred Fane, and lay its Glories low,
 Yet shall the sculptur'd Ruin rise to Day,
 Grac'd by Defect, and worship'd in Decay;

The' enduring Record bears the Artist's Name,
 Demands his Honors, and asserts his Fame.

Superior Hopes the POET's Bosom fire,—
 O proud Distinction of the sacred Lyre!—
 Wide as the' inspiring PHOEBUS darts his Ray,
 Diffusive Splendor gilds his VOTARY's Lay.
 Whether the Song Heroic Woes rehearse,
 With Epic Grandeur, and the Pomp of Verse;
 Or, fondly gay, with unambitious Guile
 Attempt no Prize but favouring Beauty's Smile;
 Or bear dejected to the lonely Grove
 The soft Despair of unprevailing Love,—
 Whate'er the Theme—thro' every Age and Clime
 Congenial Passions meet the' according Rhyme;

The

The Pride of Glory—Pity's Sigh sincere—
 Youth's earliest Blush—and Beauty's Virgin Tear.

Such is THEIR Meed—THEIR Honors thus secure,
 Whose Arts yield Objects, and whose Works endure.
 The ACTOR only, shrinks from Times Award ;
 Feeble Tradition is HIS Memory's Guard ;
 By whose faint Breath his Merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by Proof—to Substance unallied !
 Ev'n matchless GARRICK's Art to Heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd Effect, no Model leaves behind !

The GRACE of ACTION—the adapted MIEN
 Faithful as Nature to the varied Scene ;

Th' EXPRESSIVE GLANCE—whose subtle Comment draws
 Entranc'd Attention, and a mute Applause ;
 GESTURE that marks, with Force and Feeling fraught,
 A Sense in Silence, and a Will in Thought ;
 HARMONIOUS SPEECH, whose pure and liquid Tone
 Gives Verse a Music, scarce confess'd its own ;
 As Light from Gems, assumes a brighter Ray
 And cloathed with Orient Hues, transcends the Day !—
 PASSION's wild Break—and FROWN that awes the Sense,
 And every CHARM of gentler ELOQUENCE—
 All perishable !—like the' Electric Fire
 But strike the Frame—and as they strike expire ;
 Incense too pure a bodied Flame to bear,
 It's Fragrance charms the Sense, and blends with Air.

WHERE

WHERE then—while sunk in cold Decay he lies,
 And pale Eclipse for ever veils those Eyes!—
 WHERE is the blest Memorial that ensures
 Our GARRICK'S Fame?—whose is the Trust?—'tis YOURS.

And O! by every Charm his Art essay'd
 To sooth your Cares!—by every Grief allay'd!
 By the hush'd Wonder which his Accents drew!
 By his last parting Tear, repaid by you!
 By all those Thoughts, which many a distant Night,
 Shall mark his Memory with a sad Delight!—
 Still in your Heart's dear Record bear his Name;
 Cherish the keen Regret that lifts his Fame;
 To you it is bequeath'd, assert the Trust,
 And to his WORTH—'tis all you can—be JUST.

D

What

What more is due from sanctifying Time,
 To chearful WIT, and many a favour'd RHYME,
 O'er his grac'd Urn shall bloom, a deathless Wreath,
 Whose blossom'd Sweets shall deck the Mask beneath.
 For these,—when SCULPTURE's votive Toil shall rear
 The due Memorial of a Loss so dear!—
 O lovliest Mourner, Gentle MUSE! be thine
 The pleasing Woe to guard the laurell'd Shrine.
 As FANCY, oft by Superstition led
 To roam the Mansions of the fainted Dead,
 Has view'd, by shadowy Eve's unfaithful Gloom,
 A weeping Cherub on a Martyr's Tomb—
 So thou, sweet MUSE, hang o'er HIS sculptur'd Bier,
 With patient Woe, that loves the lingering Tear;

With Thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire Relief,
With meek Regret, and fond enduring Grief ;
With Looks that speak—He never shall return !—
Chilling thy tender Bosom clasp his Urn ;
And with soft Sighs disperse the' irreverend Dust,
Which TIME may strew upon his sacred Bust.



THE
“OLD PRICE”-IAD;
OR,
Thespian Bear-garden:
AN EPIC POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.



BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTHING ELSE.

Βρεκεκεκεξ κοαξ κοαξ.—Αριστοφάνης.

Brekekekex koax koax.

Arma, virumque cano.—VIRGIL.

Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.—POPE.

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1857

THE CITY OF BOSTON

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN

IN SENATE

1857

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE

CITY OF BOSTON

FOR THE YEAR

1857

AND THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

BOARD

IN SENATE

1857

AND THE

BOARD

IN SENATE

THE
“OLD PRICE”-IAD,

&c. &c.

THEATRIC wars I sing!—awake my Muse,
Where'er thou slumb'rest! in adjacent stews,—
Or on some bulk, the Poet's couch of old,
Snor'st midnight out, gin-proof 'gainst rain and cold;
Awake I say! and if a cold thou catch,
Thou rampant wench! thy voice shall better match
This theme, whose tocsin Discord's self should swell
In notes to fright the boldest imp of hell.

Say first! for thou know'st all about it, say!
(So may thy darlings hold their duns at bay)

What mov'd that mighty Personage,—the Town,
 Order's best child, to knock Decorum down,
 And plum'd by Wit, with Art and Science grac'd,
 To pitch his legions 'gainst the Throne of Taste—
 The Throne of Taste a gloomy Tyrant held,
 Who scorn'd his subjects *meek*, their claims repell'd,
 Forgot, inebriate with unbounded sway,
 That those who gave the crown, can take away,
 And full adopting, in prescription strong,
 That glorious maxim, “Kings can do no wrong,”
 Impos'd new taxes, yet alledg'd no cause,
 And hir'd the Law to violate the Laws;
 This rous'd the Town, this imp'd its vengeance on
 To dash the diadem from the brows of John—
 The Muse, deep-crimson'd with spontaneous shame,
 Grieves that this Tyrant owns no loftier name
 To grace the heroic page, but John it is,
 And firm in truth, she braves the Critic's quiz.

Now, when the Temple, taught by SMIRKE to rise,
 Bade Covent-Garden gape with all her eyes,

The Thespian Queens, when night involv'd the dome
 In silence entered their imputed home ;
 Like Macbeth's wife, just risen from her bed,
 Stalk'd in Melpomene, with solemn tread ;
 But gay Thalia, foe to stately starch,
 Trip'd in like Beatrice, with looks as arch.
 As some fair bride-maid, when the bride so bright,
 She tucks in bed, and says—" My dear, good night."
 Thus while with graceful negligence she moves,
 Her airy mien the Tragic Muse reproves,
 Sister! she cries, forbear these thoughtless smiles,
 No season this for mirth's fantastic wiles,
 Our Empire totters, Reason's reign is o'er,
 And crowds deluded, idol gods adore ;
 Alas ! what boots it that our Statues stand,
 Breathing from Rossi's or from FLAXMAN's hand,
 Without this Temple, if despis'd within,
 Our pageant altars no devotion win,
 Erewhile expell'd from Italy and France,
 By those dread foes to Reason, Song and Dance ;

Westward, thou know'st we sail'd, of anguish full,
And gain'd a kind reception from John Bull.

Untam'd and factious, this eccentric man,
Seem'd at that time a perfect Caliban,
Like Prospero, we humaniz'd his nature,
And made the brute a reasonable creature.

But now ! what woes await us, sister dear !

Fierce Persecutrix ! Song pursues us here,
Caught in the Syren's meshes, Sense lies dead,

Or living, writhes as on Procruste's bed ;

And lo ! enchanted by her Circean strain,

John Bull relapses to a brute again.

Soon, like two country strollers, may we wander,

And gain no more respect than goosy-gander,

Or pennyless, walk London streets, and then—

Obtain credentials for the Magdalen ;

What's to be done to save us from destruction ?

We're not Camelion's, and can't live on suction.

What's to be done ! the sportive sister cries,
While roguish twincklings animate her eyes,

To save thy empire, something shall be done,
 And mine, the scheme shall fertilize with fun—
 Yet sister, in thy fears, our situation
 I think, has suffer'd some exaggeration ;
 John Bull, though oft in depths of folly cast,
 Has sterling sense, which buoys him up at last.
 John shines pre-eminent in painting, writing :
 And, if well General'd, beats the world in fighting ;
 But John must be a Creighton, skill'd in all things,
 And thirsts for praise alike in great and small things ;
 When, to display his taste and sensibility,
 T'wards these vile squallers, scene of risibility !
 Entranced, he opes his mouth, and shuts his eyes,
 Draws in his breath, and melts in extacies ;
 Twixt you and I, my dear ! there's nothing in it,
 He'd ten times rather hear a thrush or linnet,
 Yet, though his reason novel-nonsense blind
 Awhile, full soon he whiffs it to the wind.—
 But sister, what most irritates my feelings,
 Is thy proud son's incorrigible dealings ;

Thy son, King John: deputed to the throne,
 He weilds thy sceptre for himself alone.
 While Fortune's subaltern, with strict fidelity
 He serv'd thy cause, and with no mean ability ;
 Of front imperial, and of six-foot stature,
 He seem'd, indeed, thy delegate by nature ;
 But rich and idle grown in thy promotion,
 Ingrate! he scorns to yield thee due devotion,
 And all that melts with pity, thrills with awe,
 Sinks in one long monotonous paw-waw—
 My pride, tis true, he never chose to flatter
 With ardent courtship, and tis no great matter,
 If e'er for me he breath'd one gentle wish,
 It struck me flat, like a Torpedo fish ;
 Yet, though King John and I've been mutual scoffers,
 Frankly I've help'd thy hand to cram his coffers,
 And now, oh shame! though conscious that he owes
 His all to us, he pays, protects our foes,
 And turns us both, unpension'd out of doors,
 As Royal Generals serve their ugly whores.

By heaven ! those passions that his conduct urge
 I'll wield as instruments his back to scourge,
 Him, lank-jaw'd Avarice, foremost of his vices,
 Shall instigate to raise our Temple's prices ;
 Of this encroachment, through th' indignant nation,
 Our squalling foes shall bear the imputation,
 'Then Pence and Patriot'sm shall rouse the rabble,
 And Song shall perish in the mighty squabble.—

The Muse thus promised, and she kept her word—
 But who shall dare the dire event record ?
 What pomp of words, what language can recite
 The Mob's resentment ?—that disastrous Night
 In verse, primeval, but in prose, the first—
 When Discord's bombs in all directions burst—
 King John unheard, George Colman's lines rehearses :
 (How could'st thou, Colman ! write those doggrell verses ?
 Know, George ! though potent in the comic strain,
 Not Hogarth's self excells thy genuine vein,
 Thy serious powers, which clears the prologue-mystery,
 Resemble Hogarth's when he painted history.)

Digressions faulty, but my Muse was glad
To 'scape the tumult, for it made her mad ;
Around Melpomene's asserted throne
Roll'd horrors, more tremendous than her own,
It seem'd, each hostile element that dwells
In earth's dark womb, had burst their central cells,
And fierce encountering, pour'd anarchic rage,
Darkness and death, on this devoted stage—
King Hamlet's ghost had trembled here to find
A hotter hell than that he left behind,
And, spite of all his Son could say, had flown
Back to his oven, ere the cock had crown—
Nay, Banquo's spirit, that eventful night,
Skulk'd underground, afraid to face the light,
The weird hags to spur him to his post,
With gills of brandy drench'd the coward-ghost,
That not even then would venture to the banquet,
Till Hecate swore she'd toss him in a blanket ;
Macbeth beheld him, reeling to his station,
Nor ere before betray'd such trepidation ;

Yet Banquo's goblin had he brav'd, or worse,
 "But to be baited with the rabble's curse!"
 Drove him half-mad, and glad was he no doubt,
 When Macduff's sword had fairly stretch'd him out.

But though the Town had shown such glorious *gumshun*,
 King John resolved to punish their presumption ;
 He, the next night, with Bow-street's bold allies,
 (Tho' much it griev'd his soul to subsidize)
 Advanc'd, and these, so potent were his fears,
 Ek'd out with Boatmen, Boxers, Bludgeoneers.
 Disclos'd—not quite in regular array,
 But like umbrellas on a rainy day ;
 Black on the House the threat'ning phalanx cowers ;
 Black from the threatn'd House Defiance lours ;
 Grim Fate stands ardent on the edge of war,
 And Death's spread jaws await th' impending jar—
 Full in the front, the Hero of the stage,
 Stood mighty Townshend, unsubdued by age,
 Large as a hogshead stood, as brown and big,
 And shook the flaxen honors of his wig—

First on the Pit he star'd, denouncing thunder,
 The marshall'd Pit, yet scorning to knock under,
 Star'd back his stare, with dreadful faces cram'd,
 While each audacious, seem'd to say—"be d—d;"
 Their thoughts he fathom'd, and his painted staff
 Portentous rais'd—forth bursts a general laugh—
 Enrag'd, he roars, "dy'e take me for a dolt?"
 And leap'd among them like a thunderbolt—
 Or would have leap'd, the Muse outflies *his* flight,
 A spike, ungracious, caught this *errant* Knight,
 As o'er the Orchestra his weight he flung,
 And down he dangled like a truss of dung,—
 Held by his breech, with gravitating weight
 His head hangs earthward, and inverts his fate.
 As if a hungry glutton, from the spit
 Should tear the twirling capon, rush'd the Pit,
 While horns, trumps, cat-calls, burst in mingling bray,
 And urge the hosts to seize the pendant prey:
 Swift to the Runner's rescue jump'd his crew,
 Then cymbals smash'd, flutes fritter'd, fiddles flew,

And Tweedle-dum aghast, and Tweedle-dee,
 Ask'd, like Free-thinkers, "why such things should be?"
 But Townshend, as the Civet-cat repells
 The hunter-train with suffocative smells,
 Full from his breech, that gap'd with ghastly rent,
 On his fierce foes repulsive odours sent—
 Yet still uncheck'd, each bold assailant closes,
 Fight with one hand, with one hand stop their nozes,
 While Townshend's legions scorn from smell to shrink,
 Fight with both hands, and glory in the stink.
 Fierce round the carcase, while the hosts contend,
 The brave Macmanus, his incumbent friend
 Thrice rais'd, and thrice repell'd from out the ring,
 By force unequal, left him still to swing—
 But now King John, who from the side-scene's shade,
 With calm regard the work of fate survey'd,
 Bespoke attendant Wright, a mighty name,
 Whose rainbow eyes spoke pugilistic fame,
 To him, with eyes, blue, yellow, green, and red,
 King John, with much deliberation, said—

“ See !-where-yon-spike-our-much-lov’d-Hero-catches,
 And-foes-vindictive-load-his-bones-with-aches,
 Foes-that-so-manfully-maintain-their-postes,
 As-if-they’d-never-leave-them-but-as-ghostes,
 Go!-rescue-Mister-Townshend,-Mister-Wright :
 Our-will-ordains-he-shall-not-die-to-night.”
 Full on the Pit, ere half the words he’d said,
 Fell Wright impetuous, like a pig of lead ;
 As Elephants the forest-boughs divide,
 Ponderous, he swept the throng from side to side,
 Heav’d Townshend up—steam-engines thus at once
 Lift waggon loads—thus Interest lifts a dunce—
 And plac’d him on his legs, while round and round,
 He star’d and splutter’d like a man half-drown’d,
 Yet soon recovering from his frantic-fear,
 Ask’d, self-communing, ‘ wherefore am I here?’
 To stand a laughing stock ? oh dire disgrace !
 By all th’ incongruous honors of my place,
 By all the scenes I’ve past, obscure or splendid,
 Thieves at the Drop—or Lords at Court attended :

I'll do a deed to petrify the world!—
 With that, he cast a glance, where high unfurl'd,
 By squadrons hem'd, and in the centre rais'd,
 Proud o'er the Pit, Rebellion's banner blaz'd;
 This glittering ensign an inscription bore,
 "Old Prices," words emphatic! nothing more—
 And stream'd, while Ladies' fans supply'd a gale,
 In air portentous like a comet's tail;
 To bear this standard, that eventful night,
 One Quill-drive claim'd, a stripling tall, but slight;*
 Him Townshend thus accosts: thou desperate wight!
 Drop that vile rag! betake thyself to flight!
 Laugh ye not, Gods! when mortals blind and rash,
 Thus hazard whipping for a bit of flash?—
 Fly while thou may'st! repent thy conduct, dark as
 Bridewell's worst cell, that yawns to snap thy carcase—

* That proud honor claim'd,
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,—

MILTON.

To whom the gallant youth, untaught to yield,
 Think'st thou with words to scare me from the field?—
 Words! roars the Nab, one word shall pierce thee through,
 Know that my name is Townshend!—who are you?

While Townshend's vast rotundity he eyed,
 With look undaunted thus the youth reply'd:—

*Ah! what avails it to record a name,
 Or aught from Wealth or Ancestry to claim?
 'Tis merit only makes us heirs to fame—

* Having had the honor of "sharing in the perils I relate," I felt most forcibly impressed, throughout the whole of this tremendous warfare, with the truth of that literary axiom—"Nature and Homer are the same—" but particularly during my friend Quilldrive's oration—His conduct in this instance, was precisely that of the heroes in the Iliad, who so often stop, in the heat of battle, and on the very edge of encounter, to descant on the particulars of their birth, parentage, and education; a proper prelude, perhaps, to what very frequently follows: their last dying speech and confession.—The reader will take this as a good-natured hint to prevent his finding fault with Mr. Quilldrive's honysuckles, bird-bottles, &c. or indeed, *with any thing else* in this poem—Homer may pop out, like Ulysses from his rags, and transfix him when he least expects it, in the 'midst of his critical banquet.

From London far, my native air I drew ;
 Two elms beside my father's cottage grew,
 The lattice-windows honeysuckles grac'd,
 And o'er them two large bird-bottles were plac'd ;
 Within, two colour'd prints adorn'd the wall,
 One fram'd and glaz'd: one pin'd, not fram'd at all—
 Quite ignorant of Life, I came to town,
 A gem unpolish'd, an uncultur'd clown ;
 Till by kind Fortune plac'd, to drive the quill
 In England's bank—my occupation still—
 Full soon the rustic rust I gan to rub
 From this fair form and mounting from the grub ;
 On Fashion's wings, I soar'd a first^r rate blade,
 Splendid at Ball, Play, Opera, Masquerade—
 There, oft the officers of Peace I've seen !
 Pacing with mild placidity of mien,
 Engaging souls ! nor thought I e'er to see
 Conduct like this, and least of all from thee !
 But wherefore waste we words ? contention vain !
 In this we yield to drabs of Drury-Lane ;

Let Women prate: let Men contend with blows—
 With that, he aim'd his fist at Townshend's nose,
 But Townshend stooping, his resentment sped
 Its desperate course on Nicholas Nabman's head.
 Poor Nicholas Nabman ! staggering as he stumbled,
 Police recoil'd, and all her bowells grumbled ;
 For services long tried, to her employ
 He came, promoted from a Jailer's boy ;
 Already signaliz'd by deeds of fame,
 St. Giles's trembled at his rising name :
 When bright in Bow-street's earliest bloom, he fell,
 Sent by young Quilldrive's furious fist to hell—
 To hell he sent him, as a bard might say,
 But Nick was seen, in White-hart yard, next day.

But Townshend, broiling as he saw him bleed,
 Towers on tremendous to avenge the deed,
 In vain the Clerk his torrent rage withstands,
 He tears the standard from his struggling hands ;
 Then, where the neckcloth o'er the mastoid past,
 Grasp'd tight the bard, and held his victim fast,

Smash'd his huge truncheon on his echoing scound,
 And drag'd him prostrate o'er nine seats at once—
 Th' astonish'd Pit, electric terrors thrill,
 E'en Valour's self shrunk back, and War stood still!
 Portentous pause!—soon with augmented roar,
 Like whirlwinds raging on the wintry shore,
 Exploding thunders all the Boxes rend,
 And peals redoubled from the Pit ascend.
 Alone unmov'd the Galleries mark'd the fuss,
 And seemed to say—"Vy, vat's all this to us?"
 Like Epicurus' deities, they sate,
 Or loll'd and look'd, but meddled not with fate;
 No thunders burst from their sublime abodes—
 'Twas said, indeed, that midst these neutral Gods,
 Dark Bribery had infus'd her poisons fell—
 In heavenly minds can such corruption dwell?—
 With giant strides while Townshend towering strong,
 Drag'd luckless Quill-drive t'wards the Stage along,
 Just so Grimalkin drags the tremb'ling mouse—
 Charge! rescue! rescue! rings throughout the House;

Beaux flew to battle brisk as bantam cocks,
 Man call'd to Man, and Box exhorted Box!
 There, where Gentility was wont provide,
 And well-dress'd simperers bow'd from side to side,
 There bellow'd Uproar, there Confusion storm'd,
 Like fifty Irish fish-fags whisky-warm'd ;
 Indeed, compar'd with this infernal riot,
 A Cock-and-Hen Club had seem'd mild and quiet.—
 Valour in every varied shape is seen,
 With fire-fraught visage, or prudential mien ;
 Fierce to the Pit, some leap with light'ning flight :
 At distance, others more discreetly fight,
 Pears, apples, oranges, on Townshend's head
 They hurl incessant: from that lump of lead
 The balls rebound, in showers prolific drop,
 And all the Pit appears a fruiterer's shop ;
 Beneath the seats, fall'n Warriors stretch'd at length,
 Sit up and munch, and so recruit their strength.
 Soft rain-drops thus, when fierce with feverish glow
 The Dog-star burns, refresh the plains below ;

And, thus with lolling tongue and *glazing eye*,
 Fall'n War-steeds lap the blood in which they lie—
 But now, in Fortune's thumping pair of scales
 High balanc'd, Townshend mounts : the Town prevails ;
 For zealous friends surround the captive Clerk,
 Tug, and disjoint his limbs at every jerk ;
 Perch'd in his gasping mouth, his soul for flight
 Appear'd impatient—very well she might—
 Oppress'd, exhausted, Townshend's iron grasp
 At length 'gan loosen its tenacious clasp ;
 His faithful Myrmidons bestrew the ground,
 His foes encrease their buffets thickening round ;
 Sweats bathe his carcase, as untir'd they toil :
 It seem'd, their fists had broke a jar of oil,
 Oil mix'd with blood—so Whales suffuse the tides,
 When fierce Harpooners pierce their blubbery sides ;
 Then rais'd the Chief his frantic voice afar,
 And summon'd Wright to aid th' unequal war—
 Oh friend ! oh chief ! in perils tried ere now,
 Renown'd in Night-cells, glorious in a row,

Now stir thy trotters! now assist thy friend!
 Or Quilt-drive 'scapes, and all my glories end!—
 Appearing instant where the cohorts clos'd,
 Colossal Wright his brawny bulk oppos'd,
 With arms high brandish'd, terrible he stood,
 Like some tall Oak when tempests tear the wood—
 Tho' Townshend sunk before th' infuriate mob,
 To level Wright they found a different job—
 As when a Drunkard, reeling home at night,
 A pump encounters in his zig-zag flight,
 He damns the rascal who obstructs his way,
 And 'gins dire buffets on his sides to lay;
 Unmov'd, unterrified, the pump stands still,
 Alike indifferent to his strength and skill;
 Incens'd, the Bacchanal repeats his blows,
 And blood, quick spirting, o'er his fingers flows;
 So mighty Wright his furious foes defied,
 So bore their blows, unmov'd, unterrified,
 So, deep-incens'd, they dealt their blows about,
 From their mash'd knuckles, so the blood burst out,

Wright seem'd, with pump-like apathy, to cry
 “ Now, who's hurt most, you Blockheads! you or I?”
 Nor yet till Townshend to the stage made way,
 And safe beneath deposited his prey,
 Stir'd he a step: then turn'd, with such a look
 As Patriots cast on the red-letter book:
 And what exceedingly his fame enhanc'd,
 Retir'd as slow as Chatham erst advanc'd—

The Mob march out, their bravest leader lost,
 A pale, disbanded, melancholy host;
 Augment, with tears, each gutter in the street,
 And blubber out the news to all they meet;
 Crowds swell'd the clamour as the tidings spread,
 And Quilldrive captiv'd, mourn'd as Quilldrive dead;
 In every gin-shop, Grief's still shower descends,
 Where, friends to Virtue, all were Quilldrives friends;
 Nought then was heard but elegiac moans,
 Convulsive sobbings, and sepulchral groans;

With deeper glooms while Night involv'd the skies,
 She burst the tombs, and bade the Spectres rise,
 These sail'd the streets, enwrap't in vapours damp,
 And paler lustres gleam'd from every lamp ;
 Piqu'd at this slight, the spectres strode the blast,
 And smash'd those lamps, resentful as they pass'd,
 Then fled in shape of beaux ; vain, shadowy brood !
 And mock'd the hallowing Watchmen that pursued.

Now, while King John and Townshend, hob-a-nob,
 Drank healths and gloried in their evening's job ;
 'The Sister Muses, pondering past events,
 Sate, like two moon-struck Generals in their tents ;
 When on an Enemy's invaded borders,
 Not knowing what to do, they wait for orders.—
 The Tragic Queen averts her woeful brow,
 And e'en Thalia lost her spirits now ;
 Loose flow'd her ringlets, shading as they fell
 Those eyes where Love's insidious archers dwell—
 Indeed, dear sister ! piteously she said,
 I hav'nt hit the right nail on the head ;

And since in this first act, my wit I've spent all,
 'Tis time, like Reynolds, to turn sentimental—
 Sister ! exclaims Melpomene, rejoice !
 My hopes rekindle !—then with lifted voice
 She call'd on Discord, where the Fury fell ;
 Sate hatching Statesmen in the depths of Hell ;
 Swift at the call, th' attentive Fury sprung,
 Left in their eggs her Ministerial young,*
 In clouds pestiferous wrapt her form obscene,
 Shot up to Earth, and stood before the Queen.—

Snakes, five yards long, her gloomy brows entwist.
 That writhing, like an angry audience hiss'd,
 And toads, sweet pets ! hung sucking at her breast,
 While thus the Queen her Devilship address'd :—

“ If e'er my scenes, thro' all their boundless scope,
 Sublim'd with pistol, poison, rape, and rope !

* The circumstance of Discord having left her brood of Ministers unhatch'd ; accounts for their present scarcity in the political market.

Had charms for thee—if Lovers hung in strings
 Like tallow candles—or if slaughter'd Kings
 Delight thee more—or (here she paus'd and wept)
 Chaste Virgins ravish'd, while they soundly slept—
 Assist me now—King John conspires my fall :
 These scenes must sink, thy cupboard cordials all !
 Go ! ere yon Chiefs complete my soul's distress,
 Distract their councils, and avert success."

Whenever Discord can occasion catch,
 She's sure to work with wonderful dispatch ;
 Skill'd, through the world's wide range, her bones to
 throw
 For human passions, anarchs grim ! to gnaw—
 Her meagre arm protruding, quick she stands
 Where the pleas'd chiefs congratulant shook hands,
 Deep in their hearts transfix'd her dragon claws,
 Viewless, and soon their rancour found fit cause—

For Townshend, who in right of Victors stout,
 Had turn'd young Quilldrive's pockets inside-out,

One sole Half-crown, which there unrivall'd shone ;
 From helpless Quilldrive's pocket to his own
 Instinctively his magnet fingers drew ;
 This, Bow-street Officers are wont to do
 With Prisoners purses, spite of all denial,
 To lay by safe for them—till time of trial.
 Yet ere he gave this instance of cupidity,
 He eyed the coin with wonderful avidity,
 Just as an Ape that has an apple found,
 Before he eats it, views it round and round.

But when King John beheld the glittering prize,
 His kindling soul leapt ardent to his eyes,
 Townshend ! he cries, the battles spoils resign !
 In right of sov'reignty, I claim them mine—
 Make no demands, but for reward, d'ye see,
 Trust to thy Monarch's generosity—

As thus he spoke, th' attendants 'gan to nudge
Each others elbows—wink'd, and whisper'd *fudge*—

Then Townshend thus—that promises are sport,
Experience tells me, for I've been at Court.
Nor, for the chance of empires, would I miss
A certain good, contemptible as this—
But thou! whose Bloomsbury Palace counts five stories,
Who reign'st sublime in terrors and in glories;
Before whose throne unnumber'd monarchs bow
For one pound one per week—I say! shalt thou,
Pervert thy power, thy royalty let down
In paltry contest for a poor half-crown?

The Monarch's visage glow'd, he turn'd aside,
Cough'd, blow'd his nose—and then sedate replied—

Tis not beneath a King with pounds to mix pence,
Or know that half-a-crown makes two and sixpence—

That love of pelf which nature's hand impress'd,
 Hard fates fix'd firmer in my youthful breast.
 Scarce had this black-bird* perch'd upon my face,
 Roughening my chin with manhoods gristly grace;
 When destin'd long to fill a parson's part,
 But drawn by Instinct to the Thespian cart,
 I fled: despite of sacerdotal law,
 And blaz'd at once, in vagabond *eclat*.

Among th' erratic tribes, I chanc'd to light
 On one Tim Triface, a facetious wight!
 Not Munden's self e'er out-grimac'd grimace,
 Like Tim; so mar'd, so monkeyfied his face,
 Put, with each moment, such new aspects on;
 His audience wondering where the last were gone—
 With powers combin'd, we roam'd the country through,
 Taught taste in barns, and rustic bumpkins drew

* *Beard*—I subscribe the *old* spelling of this word, as the reader, if unacquainted with Mr. Kemble's pronunciation, might not understand the *new*.

Within the circle of dramatic magic,
 With comic readings he: and I with tragic;
 One luckless evening, I remember well,
 The town that witness'd, still this tale can tell;
 When Mr. Mayor prime speeches had selected,
 And him, and all the gentry we expected;
 With weight unusual, lest the seats should stir,
 To prop them tight, we hir'd a carpenter;
 This workman had a wife, that wife had charms,
 And Triface clasp'd the wanton in his arms
 With fierce desire; but ere success could pall it,
 He felt the vengeance of her husband's mallet;
 This missile weapon hurl'd, with frantic din
 The half-made cuckold roar'd, the Town rush'd in
 All arm'd with shears, and threaten'd vengeance meet
 On Tim, defiler of the nuptial sheet.
 I, yet untaught by an unborn event
 To make apologies for ravishment,
 (Not then the noisy virtue of D— C—,
 Had voic'd my manhood like an Indian gong.)

I, apprehending from their vengeance grim,
 The fate of Abelard, set off with Tim;
 And like mad Tom, we urg'd our headlong flight
 O'er fen, bog, quagmire, through the murky night,
 Till Morn saluted us with smiles so bland,
 But, ah! she brought no breakfast in her hand;
 And who, in that dire hour, with fingers rash,
 Had stol'n *our* purses, had, indeed, stol'n trash;
 Full on our famish'd maws, the ale-house sign,
 In vain, beam'd forth benignity divine,
 Betwixt us, not one penny could we muster,
 And who gives breakfasts for dramatic bluster?
 Our sole commodity—subdued, at length,
 For all Pedestrians boast not Barclay's strength,
 We sunk to earth; when each his dying eye
 Upturning luckily, we chanc'd to spy
 A load of apples, on their trees so tall,
 Exuberant, glittering o'er a garden wall.
 So the gilt balls, hung o'er our Uncle's shop,
 Invite the Wight necessitous to stop.

Not with such joy, on plums and pears so nice,
 That top'd the verd'rous wall of paradise ;
 Gaz'd Satan, that fair garden prowling round,
 As gaz'd Tim Triface, when this feast he found,
 And swift, like Satan, he o'erleap'd the bound.
 Seduc'd to follow, yet accusing Fate,
 While I compunctiously, and slowly ate,
 And gravely moraliz'd on such proceedings,
 He grin'd, and gorg'd, and laugh'd at all my *readings*.
 But soon—such vengeance waits th'insulted law !
 A passing Clown our depredations saw,
 With voice vindictive rais'd the quick alarm,
 And men and dogs rush'd furious from the farm.
 Once more—for clubs can bruise and mastiffs bite,
 As well as shears can cut—we took to flight.
 This story, Gentlemen! I've told to show
 I've had good reason money's worth to know.
 Ye view me, glorious in imperial sway,
 And think my coffers cram'd, but hard to say,

I've not scrap'd up, in my dramatic rounds,
 A larger sum than fifty thousand pounds ;
 Heaven knows I want it fifty thousand ways,
 And in a workhouse yet may end my days.
 Then Townshend ! cease dispute—I mean to lay
 This youth's half-crown up for a rainy day.

Then Townshend thus, your story, sire ! may be
 A dev'lish good one, but 'tis nought to me.—
 A Volunteer, to wage thy wars, I came,
 'Twas liberal conduct : I deserv'd the same.
 Those whom, to night, I've maim'd at thy decree,
 Transgress'd no law, nor had they injur'd me—
 'Tis mine, when Rooms of State, illumin'd bright
 With fashion, blaze—to shine a satellite
 In antichambers plac'd—or thence departed,
 See swindlers pilloried, or strumpets carted.
 I draw no honor from theatric wars,
 And therefore cash should recompence my scars.

But, since you seem so mightily inclin'd
 For this half-crown, I'll boldly speak my mind:
 Thou shalt not have it, be thou rude or civil,
 Tho' 'twere to save thy carcase from the devil!

What! dar'st thou then thy Monarch's fury brave?
 King John vociferates, thou audacious knave!
 Rebel accurst! by Heaven, thy impious boldness
 Makes my blood boil, spite of its natural coldness:
 Fly! thou and all thy myrmidons together;
 But for this same half-crown, base catch-pole! whether
 To me or thee, in justice it belong,
 By all the Gods! I'll have it, right or wrong—
 Ha! think'st thou to escape me? guards! what, ho!
 Quick! seize the treasure, ere the Traitor go.

While their fierce-jarring passions struck on this chord,
 With ears prick'd up extatically, Discord
 Stood like a 'Pothecary, pride inflated,
 To see how quick her poisons operated.

Townshend retorts as loud—who dares approach !
 His brains, tho' cas'd with adamant, I'll breach.
 I dare thy vengeance, I despise thy state,
 Thou pride-puff'd muimner ! licens'd runagate !
 Thou mad'st thy entrance on thy earthly part,
 And yet may'st make thy exit—in a cart ;
 But such vile exit, tho' thy deeds portend,
 This arm shall rob thee of that promis'd end.

So saying, he lifted high a noble stroke,
 Which, had it fall'n, the Monarch's scull had broke.

But Pallas then—who thinks me here a liar,
 Of my friend Homér, may the truth inquire.
 He'll whisper them, such things are not uncommon—
 Pallas, in likeness of a chairing woman :—
 Full fifty such the theatre employs—
 Stept in, astonish'd at such hideous noise,
 And, quick as thought, repell'd the Monarch's doom,
 By touching Townshend's forehead with her broom.

Forbear, my son! the grey-eyed *Quean* exclaim'd ;
 Can this be Townshend? art thou not asham'd?
 Grac'd, as thou art, with laurels of Police,
 And, strongest prop of Peace : to break'the Peace!
 Thou'lt make a pretty figure, without flattery,
 At thine own bar, tried for assault and battery;
 Tho' John's unjust, refrain from tricks like these ;
 But blow him up as much as e'er you please;
 Is this half-crown an object for contention?
 A paltry trifle! which I blush to mention,
 Resign it, Townshend, nor regret it gone,
 Nor think thy honor soil'd, for soon King John
 From the rouz'd Town shall meet such fierce resistance,
 That on his knees he'll sue for thy assistance.

Then Townshend, Goddess! through thy rags reveal'd,
 Thou show'st good-breeding : the half-crown I yield:
 And tho' it seems like parting with my life,
 Thee I obey—as I'd obey my wife—

Then from his fob's sequester'd situation,
Lifts the half-crown in act of resignation.

As when two lovers, forc'd by fate to say
"Farewell for ever," turn their heads away.
He turn'd his head, yet cast a glance askew
On the lov'd coin, which to the ground he threw.

Then thunder'd thus—the long-disputed prize
Is thine, oppressor! at thy feet it lies!
But on thy treacherous head may Fortune fair,
Descend unwilling as I throw it there :
And dark Distress present her poison'd cup
With hand as rapid as thou'lt pick it up.

Cool as a Jackass in St. Giles's pound,
The Monarch stoop'd, and pick'd it from the ground.

Then Townshend thus his furious speech renew'd,
Oh foul injustice ! rank ingratitude !

Was it for this, for this, thou Despot base !
 When Faction's hell-hounds bark'd thee in the face,
 Like Hercules, I fought these monsters fell,
 And dragg'd them bound, as Cerberus from hell ?
 But tremble Tyrant ! o'er thy guilty head
 The Furies hover, arm'd with vengeance dread,
 With all their fiends this house shall soon be cramm'd,
 But if I stir to save it, I'll be d——d !

King John, while Townshend this dire threat preferr'd,
 Eyed the half-crown, but not a sentence heard ;
 He, ravish'd with the acquisition vast,
 Nor fear'd the future, nor deplor'd the past ;
 Safe in his hand he clutch'd the glittering prey,
 Then to the regal palace bent his way ;
 Oft stopp'd to view it as he pass'd along,
 And smil'd complacence on the gaping throng.

END OF PART ONE.

Part II. is in the Press and will be Published immediately.

J. Dean, Printer, 57, Wardour-street.

ERRATA.

Page 3, line 6, dele . at arch.

16, — 20, for bard, read band.

18, — 3, for provide, read preside

30 — 2, for top'd, read topp'd.

A N
E P I S T L E

FROM

J O S E P H S U R F A C E, Esq.

T O

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN; Esq.
OF GREAT QUEEN STREET;

C H A I R M A N

OF THE

SUB-COMMITTEE FOR WESTMINSTER.

QUOD SPIRO ET PLACEO (SI PLACEO)
TUUM EST.

HORAT.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLY, N^o 46, IN FLEET STREET.

M DCC LXXX.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX PENCE.]

P R E F A C E.

I T was my intention to have applied to the Westminster Committee—

Quem penès arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi—

*Who every day so ably maintain the liberty of the press—
for their Imprimatur on the present occasion. But as this,
like every other, committee is totally averse from puffing
any of its members, I was afraid the sanction would be
refused. My poem must take its chance without it -- and
I do solemnly assure the Public, that no individual of the
Committee is privy to the useless praises it bestows on a
brother member : useless, I say ; because, as Shakespeare
observes,*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

JOSEPH SURFACE.

1879
No. 1
The first of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.

The second of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.
The third of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.
The fourth of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.

The fifth of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.
The sixth of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.
The seventh of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.
The eighth of the year
has been a very successful one
and we are very glad to
report that the business
has been very good.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.
OF GREAT QUEEN STREET.

DO literary children owe regard
To him who got them—their parental bard?
Yes—sprung from head or loins, we duty owe
To bard or parent. Nature wills it so.

Has *Virgil* claims, because he gave to Fame 5
A local habitation, and a name?
Yes—From Fame's trump, expiring Time shall hear
Her father's praises lingering in his ear.

A

How

How stronger, *Sheridan*, thy claim of praise
 On *Joseph Surface* in his righteous days! 10
 More than his father, thou didst first create,
 And then redeem him from a fallen state;
 Formed and reformed by thee. For oh! thine art
 Held up a mirror to his sinful part.
 Vice saw herself. A hypocrite no more, 15
 He now is all *Charles* ever was before.
Sir Oliver the crackers now forgives;
 And *Joseph*, pardoned, like his nephew lives.

Oh! then, my fire, by no blind fortune placed
 To fill the chairs of liberty and taste— 20
 Thou who can'st guide a wild committee's fury,
 Or moderate the reins of headstrong *Drury*—*
 Receive such praise as my poor muse can give:
 Praise is not much to him by whom I live.

* Moderari frena theatri.

JUVENAL.

Nay—damn not sentiments. I seek not now 25
 To plant with them *Sir Peter Teazle's* brow.
 I tell thee, I'm reform'd: each word's sincere.
 Thy *Joseph Surface* is no actor here.

Hail, *Irish* chairman!—*Ireland* too, all hail!
 Thou'lt fetch up *Scotland* with an easy fail. 30
 Once more, all hail! Without a bull, I vow,
England turns out a marvellous milch-cow.
 By thee of white, and *Scotland* black, bereft,
 Her tail can hardly boast of one hair left.

In mental powers, as in corporeal, strong— 35
 Formed to beget, direct, disperse a throng;
 At *Brentford*, patriots freely to knock down;
 Or, patriots, set up Freedom's trade in town;
 To carry chairs committed to their care;
 Carry, *nem. con.* a sub-committee chair; 40

Beget

Beget an † hundred members for the state ;
 Or teach our daughters how to propagate—
 These are the tasks which *Ireland* condescends,
 By day, by night, to teach her *English* friends.
 Nay—in our Commons' house to cast each part ‡, 45
 And rule each playhouse with no common art,
Ireland her children sends—and, bounty strange !
 Don't ask, won't take a *Colman* in exchange§.

† The wisdom of the committee has determined one hundred additional members of parliament to be necessary. If half what the present members say of each other be true, they are at present too numerous.

‡ When will this country ever be able to discharge her obligations to Mr. Burke, for the disinterested trouble he gives himself in parliament about a country to which he does not belong?

§ A relation of *Lady Sneerwell* saw this matter in a different light. This gentleman (*Mr. Samuel Sneerwell*) was at *Dublin* during the late contest about the management of their theatre. "What assurance," said a lady in company, "for an *Englishman* to think he will be suffered to direct an *Irish* theatre!" "And can only be equalled, madam," added he, "by an *Irishman's* tyrannizing over an *English* theatre."

Her's are not *Colchian* bulls; they're oxen rather,
 Who till our foil.—But let them mind their tether; 50
 And not forget, 'twas something like a bull,
 Who kicked the pail down after it was full.

Yet, think not all the world thy right admit,
Sub, at *Gamaliel Fox's* feet, to fit.
 Nor grieve: For Praise, when Discord strains her throat,
 Completes the concert with her jarring note.

Thou must expect, who know'st the School for Scandal,
 Thy Sub-committee will be there a handle.
 To thee the pencils of that school are known,
 Thy patient study made them all thine own; 60
 And grouped, like *Zoffani* §, in one *coup d'œil*,
 The whole famed school, and every artist's style.

§ This decent piece, which *Zoffani* is said to have painted at *Florence* for our amiable queen, will undoubtedly be exhibited at the *Royal Academy*. But *Titian's Venus* will cost many a young gentleman more than his shilling entrance.

B

Her

Her pencil *Lady Sneerwell* uses still ;
 Her right-hand has not yet forgot its skill.
 When I left off, I wished her to resign. 65
 But she and *Snake* protested they must dine.—
 Then, *Backbite's* fancy, nibbling thy good name,
 Feeds more than double tides upon thy fame.
 But *England* is not *Egypt* (that's most clear ;
 Since there was corn, while we have nothing here): 70
Joseph no five-fold messes will permit ;
 And thou, *Sir Benjamin*, shan't touch a bit.

Plead, *Lady Sneerwell*—*Mrs. Candour*, try her ;
 From her own mouth we shall convict the liar.

This eldest-born of *Scandal* will maintain 75
 Thy proper province to be *Drury Lane* :
 And thus, while *Scandal* swears she's vastly witty,
 The throne besieges of thy Sub-committee.

“ Our wise men play the fool, and lust of praise
 “ Makes sage commanders scribble foolish plays *. 80
 “ While farce-wrights, doomed to fame by cruel fate,
 “ Will fain be actors in the farce of state.
 “ So *Richlieu* for a critic wished to pass,
 “ And *Vanburgh*† for a *Burgoyne* or an ass.
 “ Next, in some farce Lord *North* must play the fool, 85
 “ And *Pillon*‡ take his seat for *Liverpool*;

* The theatrical world has obligations to General *Burgoyne* for “ The Maid of the Oaks.” His famous parody of *Othello*’s farewell shews also his turn this way.

† Sir *John Vanburgh* was for “ aut Cæsar aut nullus”—*Burgoyne* or nothing. He deemed himself used ill by fortune, who had destined him to some fame, as an architect and a play-wright; and was convinced that Providence sent him into the world to be a modern *Cæsar*; not to erect walls, but to batter them down; not to write comedies, but to provide others with subjects for tragedies. He took especial care therefore to be always painted with a general’s truncheon in his hand.—*Richlieu* wrote a criticism on the *Cid*.

‡ *Pillon* is the author of a farce called “ The Liverpool Prize.”

“ Another

“ Another GAMESTER *Fox* muſt give the ſtage,

“ And gambling authors check a ſpendthrift age.

“ But, can he manage three whole ſtates, becauſe

“ He cannot give to one poor playhouſe laws? 90

“ *Great Britain*, FRANCE, and *Ireland* (for falſe Pride

“ This french-plate ſceptre will not lay aſide)—

“ Pit, box, and gallery—ſhall a paſteboard god

“ Govern three mighty kingdoms with a nod!

“ King, lords, and commons—muſt all nature bow 95

“ To the tin crown upon a play-wright’s brow?—

“ Say, ſhall a mummer, playing *Razor*’s part,

“ To ſhave excreſcences profeſs the art,

“ And clip the wings of Parliament? A *Sub*,

“ A *Sheridan*, the lord’s anointed ſnub||? 100

|| ———What will not patriots dare?

The lord’s anointed ſnubbed by a lord mayor!

*Elgiac epistle from an unfortunate elector of Germany to his friend
Mr. Pinchbeck.*

“ Son

“ Son of a player, and of plays the fire,
 “ Shall he make kingdoms dance with punch’s wire?—
 “ Then, cobblers, judge of statues—*Tommy Hurst*,
 “ Be speaker ‡ of the House, and *Dan* the first—

Flockton,

‡ Sir *Fletcher*, Mr. *Thomas Hurst*’s worthy predecessor, would not be contented with the praise of “ a *second Daniel* come to judgment.” What follows is the spirit of his panegyric on himself—not less modest than it was merited. *Joseph Surface* shall preserve it for the admiration of posterity.

“ I was by far the first man in my profession when I bargained for a sinecure place. Though the late Mr. *Yorke*, the present chief justice of the common pleas, the present chancellor, and Mr. *Dunning*, were then at the bar—I made four or five times the income of my sinecure; that is, 15,000*l. per annum*—yet that sum is at least 6,000*l. or 7,000l. per annum*, more than the best employed lawyer ever made from Lord *Coke*’s days down to the present moment. I would not act agreeably to the former minister, upon the great constitutional questions then agitating in parliament, unless he gave me a sinecure for life of 3,000*l. per annum*, which I got upon pretence of doing the law business in the privy council, that council being then devoid of lawyers. Yet there were at that time in the council, the present chief justice of the king’s bench, the then chief justice of the common pleas, Sir *E. Wilmet*, and the present master of the rolls; in short, all the lawyers that generally belong to that court; all of whom occasionally, some of whom constantly did the business of that court. A message was brought to me from the Duke of *Grafton*, then minister, that he meant to raise me to the chair, which, in spite of all my attempts to get out of it, I have ever since filled;

“ *Flockten*, head other troops than wooden players ; 105

“ And, *Bickerstaff*, be page of the *Back-stairs*.

“ *Hoole* shall director of the bank be made ;

“ And *Cumberland* outlive the board of trade—

“ *Colman*,

but I would not accept of that highest honour an *English* gentleman can receive, till the same duke pledged himself to give me in future a high law-office, attended with other honours. Having made this bargain with the last, without any participation with the present minister, I insist that the present minister has broken his promise to me ; because I happened to hear, that it was a measure to promote a great law-officer in the line of his profession. I went to the minister, and I took care to carry a witness with me, and, judging of his veracity from my own, I advised him to get one too ; but he, not judging of his own veracity from mine, rejected my advice, both on account of the advice and the adviser, and I now, taking a legal advantage of his unsuspicious conduct (in exact conformity to what I would have done when I was a professional man) brag of having a witness when he had none. And moreover, I solemnly declare that to be true, which I ought not to declare to be true ; and I declare that to be untrue, which I ought to declare to be true ; and there is great truth in me, and I insist that you shall put great faith in me. I declare money to have been promised for a judge's place, when I do not know that it was promised. I declare negotiations and transactions to have existed on the part of others, when I have no reason to believe they did exist ; and I declare no negotiation or transaction to have existed on my part, when I have reason to declare that they existed. And farther, I declare my utter abhorrence of negotiations, bargains, and all sorts of infamous jobs ; and I have been engaged in three jobs, or negotiations, and I have driven two bargains ; finally, because I

“ *Colman*, in *short*, be Lord *High-steward* ; and *Foot*e,
“ If living, peer and chancellor to boot. 110

“ Thine own dominions rule. Invade not our’s.
“ Attack not us with *Bays’s* train-band powers.
“ Govern thy green-room, *Sheridan*. To reign
“ Is worth ambition though in *Drury Lane* *.”

Dear *Lady Sneerwell*, post not on so fast, 115
Thy stunning larum will for ever last.

suspect that another person than myself may be raised to the head of the common pleas, I am become the greatest constitutional lawyer in the kingdom; for, having no hopes of returning back to my profession to display the truth, honour, integrity, and disinterestedness of my character as a chief judge (at the expence of a great pension to this impoverished country) I am perfectly convinced that the influence of the crown is enormous.”

There only wanted this honourable gentleman’s manly and unschool-boy-like complaint to the house about the pain in his face, &c. &c. &c. on *Friday* the 14th of *April*, to set his respectable character in its proper light. Mr. *Hurst* is using all his interest for Sir *Fletcher’s* chair, and is to be supported by the *Westminster* committee and all the real friends of the constitution.

* Milton.

E’en

E'en *Cromwell*'s self distilled but from a brewer;
 And *Wolfey* had no pedigree, I'm sure :
 Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
 How high his highness held his haughty head *! 120
 And *Sheridan* may be ('tis not too late)
 The *Wolfey*, *Cromwell*, *Hancock* of the state.
 Besides—with nobles *Garrick*'s life was spent,
 And kings are elbowed by his monument.

Hark! She regards me not, but still proceeds; 125
 Like *Lord George Gordon*, when he pamphlets reads.
 In vain I rise.—

“ Because, with conquest warmed,
 “ Three playhouse provinces thy wit hath stormed,
 “ (Here thirteen can't be lost) thine eagle foul
 “ Would soar at tragedy, and pounce the whole. 130
 “ Farce, comedy, and opera submit,
 “ Without resistance, to thy powers of wit.

* This beautiful couplet was produced by the great *Pitt* as an instance of the use and harmony of “ apt alliteration's artful aid.”

“ Still,

“ Still, cut our way; think nothing gained, they cry,
 “ Till all be our’s beneath the playhouse sky †—
 “ There only now remains one other fight; 135
 “ In *Britain’s* blood a tragedy to write.”

Let that be negatived. She then pretends
 All this is merely to serve satire’s ends.
 Then—

“ *Sir Drawcanfir Critick*, grown more brave,
 “ Who lately turned to farce what should be grave— 140
 “ With puffs and *Cumberland*, who doomed to death
 “ Praise, charity, and *Shakespeare*, in one breath—
 “ To scenes still nobler now applies his wits;
 “ And, real farce, in Sub-committee fits.”

† Think nothing gained, he cries, till nought remain;
 On *Moscow’s* walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.

Johnson’s “Vanity of human Wishes.”

D

Again

Again—" In their report, the Sub-committee ‡ 145
 " Of parliaments are rather neat and pretty ;
 " But the wise chairman (bless his patient head!)
 " Whatever others may have done, has read
 " His brother's writings, and the *Irish* quartos
 " On *English* language of his learned square-toes. 150
 " At least, has cast, I fancy, a sheep's look
 " Beyond the title of his brother's book ;
 " Oft wishing, while he quacked the constitution,
 " If not a *Swedish*, still, a *Revolution*."

Thus *Lady Sneerwell* overturns the skreen. 155
 By wondering crowds thy nothingness is seen ;

‡ More grave the merited approbation of the Committee, signed C. J. Fox, Chairman.

" Resolved, That thanks be given to the chairman and members of the Sub-committee, for the *very intelligent* report made by them of the state of the representation of this country, and of the duration of Parliaments."

And

And Nature for a new start stands thy debtor—
 The School for Scandal * cannot boast a better.
 Put out the light, and then (the little light
 Which gilds thy fame), she says, thou'rt left in night. 160
 Thy dark, extinguished, name she then entombs
 Mid clouds of this foul simile's perfumes—
 So, when a candle in the socket burns,
 It's flame grows fainter, mounts and falls by turns ;
 It rises quivering, but, again to sink ; 165
 And, last, expires for ever in a stink.

Dear *Lady Sneerwell* ! Let me beg ! Of grace,
 Remember, here's a SAVE-ALL in the case.
 In its own stink thy wit expires. The flame
 Of *England's* glory scorches thee with shame ; 170

* “ There's a better start than that in *The School for Scandal*.” PUFF, in *The Critick*.—So *Longinus*, when he comments on the sublimities of others, is thought to give instances of sublimity himself.

Though, now, it burns true-blue, her vestal candle,
On its tin SAVE-ALL, shall outlive thy scandal.

The School for *Scandal*'s pupil's thus declaim,
With jealous wit, against thy two-fold fame;
Chairman and farceman. But, thy friends at large 175
Unite to reprobate so base a charge!
A charge of blame, for that which all the nation
Deem a fair ground of justest approbation.

'Gainst *Fox*, and thee, 'tis true, some laughter lies
For teaching others to œconomize. 180
My muse, who drinks with eagle eye the ray
Of noontide truth, thus flaps the motes away.

Nature, some think, imparts to all mankind
One certain strength of body and of mind.

Dam

Dam up one stream ; it does but change its course, 185
 And swell some neighbouring river's native force.
 As Ocean, though he rob old Earth his brother
 In one part, makes all even in another.—
 Hence *Burgoyne*, when he lost the power to fight,
 Felt his nerved arm grow bolder still to write.— 190
Barré, one peeper left, lament not t'other :
 Dead, he bequeathed his foresight to his brother ;
 Who, doubly keen, descries old *England's* foes,
 More than an inch before his next door nose.
 Hence, some more brightened sense of dark *Sir John* 195
 Knows whores and rogues, though both his eyes are gone :
 And clearly sees *Mackheath* || more harm can do,
 Than his own *garden's* universal stew.
 Hence *Dodd's* wife pupil†, with the red-hot wire
 Whose touch *Prométhean* kindled *Milton's* fire, 200

|| *Sir John Fielding*, not many years since, most piously remonstrated against the exhibition of "*The Beggars Opera*."

† The feelings discovered by *Lord Chesterfield* on *Dr. Dodd's* affair are universally

Humanely googed his favourite bird, to make
His voice more liquid, and improve his shake.

Oeconomy, thy sharp and *Shylock* knife
Must pare our public or our private life;
For equal heaven to *Daisy Walker* dealt 205
As much of thee, as *Vulture Hopkins* felt.
Say, who their private fortunes most neglect—
Those men of public prudence most suspect.
Since in œconomy we're gavel brothers—
He, who spends least on self, has most for others. 210
And *vice versa*. Hence, we never knew
A minister of state, with us, a Jew ‡:

versally known. His lordship is said to have been discarded by a lady, whose false humanity was better suited to the *Athenian Areopagus*, than to the circle at *St. James's*, for having tried the *American* experiment of googing on a bullfinch.

‡ Mr. *Silva* enjoys no place of trust; but the honourable gentleman who burnt *Silva's* notes is very properly trusted with the treasure of a great city.

In its best parts they circumscribe the nation ;
 But, for themselves—they feel no inclination.

Spendthrifts, in short, of every thing bereft,
 Best guard the treasure others still have left ; 216
 Best see that others do not spend above
 Their strength—as eunuchs watch the wealth of love.

'Tis therefore plain that only thou and *Fox*
 Can steer our vessel clear of ruin's rocks ; 220
 In this distress our ravenous crew can sway,
 And fix their short allowances *per* day.

All-hail, then, *Sheridan!* In this low metre
 If greatness dwell, thou shalt be great as *Peter* :
 He quitted *Russia's* throne, thou *Drury Lane's*— 225
 And Fame shall chalk up both your patriot pains.

A Sub-

A Sub-committee chairman! Heaven and earth!
 Expressions, quick, to give my feeling's birth!
 Shorn of his tin-gilt beams, fans robe, fans crown,
 Does *Drury's* tyrant lay his sceptre down! 230
 Bid all his kingdom's interests hang in air,
 And deign to fill a Sub-committee chair!
 Does *Sheridan* the great his green-room quit,
 On *Britain's* state in tavern-state to sit;
Charles Fox's lord lieutenant—nay, yet more, 235
 To meet his Sub-committee § at next door!
 Oh condescension rare! Oh grace extreme!
 Thy sinful country thou shalt still redeem.
 All is not lost. *Lear* is a king again.
 A saviour fun breaks forth from *Drury Lane*, 240

§ The Sub-committee for *Westminster* fate at the *Free Masons* tavern in *Queen-street*, next door but one to Mr. *Sheridan's*. What could be a greater condescension than this gentleman's going so far to serve his poor undone country! Had he appointed them even in his back parlour this country could never have sufficiently thanked him.

With

With thee for *Sub*, *Old England* cannot thrive ill ;
 And for her GRAND, the Reverend Mr. *Wywill**.
 Committee would be low enough—But, SUB—
 How speak our gratitude? Ah, there's the rub!
 “ The wreath of fashion ” is already thine †. 245
 Fame's greener wreath shall now thy brows entwine.
Tickel, prevent an outcry of a nation,
 And crown king *Drury* by Anticipation.
 Forge “ An epistle from thy *Richard*, musing
 “ O'er parliaments, in port—to *Townshend*, cruising.”—
 Blest pair! Like comic *Archer* and his brother,
 Impartial trumpeters to one another!
Dick shall strike back the shuttle-cock ; and name
 Thee his *Sub*-chairman, deputy for fame.

* This gentleman, of the first family and consequence among us, was chairman of the *grand* meeting of deputies.

† The “ *Wreath of Fashion* ” was written by the author of “ *Anticipation*.” Mr. *Sheridan* is mentioned in it with all the impartiality of friendship : nor is he forgotten in the “ *Epistle from the Honourable Charles Fox, Partridge Shooting, to the Honourable John Townshend, Cruising*.”

F

Thou

Thou art first oars. Oh! let me second sing, 255
Sub-poet-laureat to young *Drury's* king.

Praise him, his ticklers! Praise him, all his host!
 Praise him, his creatures! Praise him, *Morning Post*!
 Praise him, thou sun and moon! All ye, who light
 Our world of politics by day, by night, 260
St. James's, Public, London, Gazetteer!
 Each morn, each eve, let hymns of praise appear!
 Corners, where poets shed their wit, rehearse
 His future glories in immortal verse!

Queen-street, I prophecy, before *September*, 265
 Names RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN her member.—
 By her instructed, thou shalt be the maker
 Of patriot motions that concern *Long-acre*;
 In thy new house with rapture shalt be heard,
Lord George the second ‡, or, at most, the third. 270

‡ The honourable member to whom I make my hero look up as his model, is that most primitive character, both in eloquence and morals (notwithstanding

Till, last, the king exalt thy horn, and dub
Our Sub-committee chairman Viscount SUB.

withstanding the old Rat's dairy maid). *Lord George Gordon*. This I mention, because a hasty reader might mistake "*Lord George*" for "*Sir George*," and suppose I meant *Sir George Yonge*, who is certainly as great an oratorical curiosity in one way, as *Lord G. Gordon* in another. They are the *Cicero* and *Demosthenes* of the age; and I am not without expectation that *Queen-street's* future representative will contrive to unite both their excellencies in himself.

Justice will not suffer me to conclude this note without observing, how truly singular it is that *Sir George Yonge* should so richly merit the *directly contrary* character to that which the impartiality of history has ascribed to his father. *Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis*, may be rhyme; it is not reason.

"*Sir William Yonge*,—a man who rendered himself serviceable and necessary by stooping to all compliances, running upon every scent, and haranguing on every subject with an even, uninterrupted, tedious flow of dull declamation, composed of assertions without veracity, conclusions from false premises, words without meaning, and language without propriety."

SMOLLET's Hist. of England, 3d edit. vol. x. p. 382.

A
D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

The Earl of C——D and Mr. GARRICK,

I N T H E E L Y S I A N S H A D E S .

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX PENCE.]

D I V I O G U E

THE END OF THE WORLD

BY J. H. B. J. H. B. J. H. B.

THE END OF THE WORLD

A

D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

The Earl of C——D and Mr. GARRICK,

IN THE ELYSIAN SHADES.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS,
AND SOLD BY T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND,

M DCC LXXXV.

DI A L O G U E

BE T W E E N

THE EARL OF E — — and his daughter

IN THE PRESENT DRESS

BY

JOHN G. B. J. — —

LONDON: — — — — —

1800

To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR JOSHUA,

SENSIBLE of your great civilities to me upon a late occasion, impressed at all times with the greatest respect for your character, I wrote the following poem, merely intending it for your own perusal. I was confident that you would take in good part this heart-felt testimony to the merits of Dr. JOHNSON and Mr. GARRICK : they were your particular friends. By the latter I was personally obliged :—though not unknown to the former, I could not but think myself obliged to him as I am a man, a citizen, an Englishman, a Christian, and a clergyman of the established church. My imagination also was not a little warmed upon the subject of the following poem, when I considered that Dr. JOHNSON and myself were natives of the same city. I am proud to own my partiality to such a place : it was

the native place of ELIAS ASHMOLE, Bishop SMAL-
RIDGE, Dr. SHAW, and Bishop NEWTON.

My engagements, from the time in which Dr. JOHN-
SON died to the present moment, have not allowed me
(I speak literally) the space of one intire day to design,
transcribe, and correct the following poem. Opinions
to which I cannot but yield my own have called it into
the public sight ; surely, if it were ever to be published,
the publication of it should not be deferred till I might
have leifure to make it more worthy of the respectable
person to whom I have taken the liberty of addressing
it with every sentiment of respect.

I have the honour to be, Sir JOSHUA,

Your very obedient,

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

A

DIALOGUE, &c.

C———D.

THOU quintessence of pure ethereal fire!

Why, GARRICK, when but now with Avon's Bard
 I saw thee fitting in his laurell'd bow'r—
 Never on earth, on some triumphant night,
 When thousands hung enraptur'd on thy voice,
 And with a thrilling silence t'wards thine eye
 Bent theirs, and all it's master-movements felt,
 Felt them a pow'r resistless and belov'd—
 Never on earth beheld I thee so wrought
 To give thy inward soul of mounting fire
 The clearest comment of thine outward pow'rs—
 As when but now (whatever were thy theme)

Thy SHAKESPEARE all attention—still as night—

Leaning and list'ning—thou would'st oft arise,

So stand, so look, and throw thy form so forth

With such a cadence of that voice which now

Swells with Elysian strength—that then I saw

The highest rapture of immortal mind.

Yes, SHAKESPEARE's self seem'd silenc'd—half-entranc'd.

GARRICK.

He spake not—

C———D.

Yet at times he threw his hand

Careless across his lire, and hurrying smote

Musick from thence that shot sublimest joy

Through all Elysium. Say, Fine Spirit, say,

What were thy theme that thus could Avon's Bard

So fix in sweet attention, so at times

Wake into transport?

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

Avon's gen'rous Bard,
 The friend of truth, of virtue, and mankind,
 With all his old simplicity of soul
 As partial still to Britain, still as true
 As when his rich vein ran a golden stream,
 And flow'd abundant in his country's praise,
 As when a tiptoe he was wont to rise
 At thought of Agincourt's well-foughten field,
 As when great HENRY's deeds—

C ——— D.

Great HENRY's deeds
 (As well they might) the British SHAKESPEARE fir'd,
 And rous'd his pow'rs to give the after-times
 The fairest picture of the victor-king.

GARRICK.

To shew as long as Ocean owns the fway
 Of HENRY's regal line ; and grant, ye Gods,

As

As long as Ocean's self shall heave his strength
 Against the rocks of Albion, HENRY's sons
 May o'er th' expanse of waters reign the lords !
 To shew us what we once have been, the Bard
 (True Bards are ever patriots) and preserve
 Through all the tide of time our vestal flame
 Of manly courage—SHAKESPEARE still presents
 The very form and colour of his soul
 Whose name still sounds a spirit-firring charm,
 And thrills along our frame. Misname it not
 A portrait—let me perish if it is not
 HARRY's great self that flames forth into view
 Led on by SHAKESPEARE—

C———D.

Thus as HARRY's self
 Fed fiery thoughts in SHAKESPEARE, and upsprung
 All his superior soul, so SHAKESPEARE's self,
 If but a thought of him across thee glance,

Is

Is fuch an animating theme to thee,
 That all thy fpirits start up into arms,
 Spread out their ftrengh, and blazon all abroad
 To rapt Elyfium thy divineft pow'rs.
 But let them pause a time, refume thy tale,
 And give my famifh'd curiofity
 It's food of information.

GARRICK.

Avon's Bard

With me converfing on his Britain's weal
 (So chance betided) all our converse ran
 On thofe fuperior minds that fince his days
 Were gifted to produce their thoughts abroad,
 To poifon nations, or with holier zeal
 To leffon ages, and improve mankind.

C ——— D.

Their influence is it great?

C

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

Nothing so great,
Said SHAKESPEARE, who best saw the human heart,
It's whole complexion of diseases saw,
And knew (if ever mortal knew) their cure.

C———D.

When lux'ry, when the fordid love of gold
(That subtle bane of each ingenuous art)
Stamp on the times their features and their form—
The wings of wit but flutter on the mind,
Their pressure soft as down.

GARRICK.

And when the light
Of knowledge breaks expansively on all,
Each one will judge, and each a master be,
And ev'ry reader is a rival found.
Yet still—where Heav'n in some distinguish'd soul
Has shed the amplest intellectual light,

Whose

Whose gen'rous warmth pursues the tracks of Truth—
 It burns (tho' dimly seen) in evil days,
 Still rev'renc'd farther than proud tongues will tell,
 And still surviving thro' the flight of Time,
 Breaks out by fits, a gorgeous spectacle,
 And is a worship'd star of magnitude.
 But then, who thus to all posterity,
 Would urge his protest in the cause of Truth,
 Consult the weal of all the human race,
 And from the great successions of mankind
 (Till Time shall close his course) expect his meed,
 He must resemble—

C———D.

What?

GARRICK.

The man to whom
 I ow'd the moral merit of my heart,
 And half my fame, the better half by far,

Won by the virtuous use of all those pow'rs
Which urg'd me into light—

C———D.

And admiration !

GARRICK.

Still—polish'd STANHOPE—but I know not how,
There is a somewhat in the purer air
Of this Elysian region, which inspires
A clearer view of Truth ; and while it feeds
Benignest passion — still in Truth's great cause
Resolves the cold indiff'rence felt on earth,
And gives me, all alive and simply warm,
To speak as man should speak in Virtue's cause..
We are not now the puppets of an age,
Things to be moulded by capricious fashion,
But Reason's heirs, Eternity's own sons.
Thence am I taught, admonish'd, fir'd, to say

That

That He in whom Heav'n lights it's purest flame,
 Would he this flame expand to utmost size,
 And bare it blazing on its utmost highth,
 And hope that cold Oblivion's blast may ne'er
 Blot out its lustre, but blow far away,
 And leave it still a beacon blazing bright
 To those that wander o'er life's dreary wilds,
 And many a stormy sea in Time's domain—
 If such a man there be, and such have been,
 He must rise high above this weedy world,
 It's idle pleasures, and it's idle cares,
 Above the poor pursuits of wealth and pow'r,
 The little peevish rivalries of Arts,
 Ungen'rous envy, cruel pride and scorn,
 And ev'ry form of evil only found
 When man on man with needless slav'ry leans,
 Nor thinks, nor tries how much one man can do
 To work his own good and the good of all.

If fuch a man there be, and fuch have been—

C———D.

Name him.

GARRICK.

He muft refemble him to whom

(Be witnefs Heav'n) I owe that here I bring

That foul of virtue which affords more joy

Than all Elyfium's ample round can yield

From all its fources of fupremeft blifs.

For here, e'en here, O STANHOPE, man muft pay

For virtue flighted, and 'mid beauty's fcenes

Pine with defire, 'mid glory's fcenes with fhame

Pine and droop—

C———D.

Name him.

GARRICK.

Pine with envy, droop

With penal grief.—This tutor of all times,

This everlasting minister of Truth,
 Alive, tho' dead—if it were his hard fate
 To set his first step in the course of fame,
 When half the nobles of his native land,
 (The last extremities, dim-shining shreds
 Of those great comets which their fathers were)
 Conscious of what they are not, what they should be—
 Turn cold and envious from the child of wit,
 Virtue's illustrious guardian—for a time,
 Ere harsh Experience to his simple mind
 Presents the portrait of his selfish age
 (Drawn with the pencil by Experience snatch'd
 From Truth, and thrust upon his aching sight
 In all it's unreliev'd deformity)
 He may awhile (searching his own great soul,
 Rememb'ring nobler people, nobler times)
 Indulge fond hopes of glory and reward,
 And walk awhile with fond simplicity

Naked.

Naked 'mid wounding perils ; but, anon,
 Taught by his wounds, he rushes from his snares,
 From idle hopes, and self-degrading fears,
 Within himself rolls strong, and self-compact
 With Wisdom's, Virtue's ever-blended force,
 He grows to pride him in his glorious lot,
 Looks from his hill-side cottage over life,
 Calm, and attentive, and benevolent,
 And patient there contrives that lamp of Truth,
 Which still shall brightly burn, and kindly pour
 It's needed radiance o'er the wilds of Time.
 O thou Great Source of all our human pow'rs,
 Great God of Nature !—when my grateful mind
 Fondly went back to earth, and raptur'd dwell'd
 On JOHNSON'S praises—

C———D.

This then was the theme
 That call'd such dulcet notes from SHAKESPEARE'S lire ?

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

It was ; and, had it been APOLLO's lire,
 It well had warbled on a theme so great.
 Regardless mark I now thine alter'd mien,
 And say, had great APOLLO's self been there,
 And had he will'd to sum his utmost pow'rs,
 And at one stroke divine essay'd to call
 Sounds from his lire, to thrill through all Olympus,
 Enough to make the tear of rapture start
 From all the Gods thron'd on their golden seats,
 APOLLO's extacy were well bestow'd.

C————D.

What ! well bestow'd to grace the man, who ne'er
 Could pay with lib'ral hand the meed of praise—
 A rough-hewn mortal, tow'ring, self-confiding,
 (And like those huge Ægyptian pyramids,
 Superb and useless) casting many a rood
 Of shadowy envy, blighting darkness, o'er—

D

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

The little flimsy gauds, and labour'd toys,
Fashion's poor efforts in a play-thing age,
Which He disdain'd to envy, but perforce
Must hide beneath his shadowing majesty,
Which such a carping age would misinterpret
(From self-inspection) into Envy's gloom.

C.———D.

Have you forgotten LYTTLETON, your friend?

GARRICK.

Oh, never, never—that benigneſt mind,
That ſoul of ſweeteſt candour—never—never.

C.———D.

Has JOHNSON paid thy friend his merit's meed?

GARRICK.

His moral worth in records has he left
That ſtill ſhall live, and, if his judgement err'd,
The cenſ'rer of his literary worth—

(But

(But time, and many ages hence must try it)
 'Twere abject weakness, 'twere malicious spleen,
 And Envy's hatred, to suppose his heart
 Err'd with his judgement—what he thought he spoke,
 And gave his sentence at the public call—

C————D.

Were LYTTELTON beneath his envy deem'd—
 Is MILTON ?

GARRICK.

MILTON in his manly days
 Possess'd (as well he might) a manly soul.
 But JOHNSON, in our days emasculate,
 Bulg'd from the fenny flatness of his times,
 And tour'd a meteor of such majesty
 As MILTON's self shone in his active age.
 If my great friend at MILTON's moral worth
 Smote strong, and nearly shatter'd to the ground
 His merits as a man, he left him still

Thron'd on Sublimity's sublimest heights,
 And seem'd to me the only man, whose mind
 Found thoughts, found words, suiting the theme august,
 Able to bring great MILTON's stretch of soul,
 His noblest work, his holiest poesy,
 Full in our view in seraph-glories dress'd.
 This portrait JOHNSON was endow'd to draw;
 And, when with SHAKESPEARE I the work survey'd,
 We saw this great Archangel into view
 Rising, but not with ruin'd majesty,
 And at the mighty Painter's working bow'd,
 Astonish'd at his awful truth of hand,
 His vast capacity of mental fight.
 Slaves to the whistle of a glorious name
 Marvel, that JOHNSON dar'd from MILTON's brow
 Rend a few ringlets—but the judging few
 Know that he leaves his great original
 Divinely awful, one that well may spare

The spoils that candid Wisdom calls her own.

C———D.

Candid ?

GARRICK:

If ever candour, arm'd with truth,
And bold to meet time-harden'd prejudice,
Distinguish'd mortal man—be this his praise
Whom I my master boasted, lov'd my friend.
Hath he not snatch'd from fell Oblivion's grasp
The fame of some, whose fame to future times
Is Virtue's profit ?

C———D.

Sure the purer air
Of this Elysium hath not wrought on you
A mind unwarp'd by partial prejudice—
To blazon thus your friend as all perfection,
Methinks, is—

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

Utmost folly, were I thus
To paint a man, for sure the best have err'd ;
And to this richest ore of human worth
Some trivial imperfections still adhere,
Which Time regards not, but with raptur'd eye
Hangs o'er his treasure—

C———D.

So hath JOHNSON plied
His life's long voyage ?

GARRICK.

Yes, 'tis a goodly ship ;
And tho' the fort of ordinary minds,
That cannot send their eyes a long expanse,
And grasp the merits of a mighty whole,
May blame this movement, mark that tackle torn ;
Yet hath it nobly won it's untried way
Thro' countless storms, nor bulg'd on Terror's rocks,

Nor

Nor ever coasted Vice's fyren-ifles,
Nor plung'd a depth in Sloth's abhorred sands.

C————D.

A pompous pedagogue, a cenfor stern,
This JOHNSON—one that fed his pride's vast maw
By daring to despise what all revere,
And thrust his fullen humours into light.
His native language—

GARRICK:

He alone hath fix'd ;
And, if the mode in which he rob'd his thoughts
Is suited to their moral majesty,
Revere that diction which would ill become:
The courteous advocate of selfish art,
Fashion's trim pleader, Vice's easy friend.
JOHNSON was bold to think, and firm to speak ;
He knew his pow'rs, and thought those glorious pow'rs
Heaven's mandate to come forth the friend of truth,

To:

To scorn delights, and live laborious days *.
 For Heav'n hath foster'd his heroic soul
 With Reason's utmost strength, and gives his mind
 (So far it wanders o'er the vast of things,
 So taught, so comprehensive, and so swift)
 Imagination's all-creative pow'rs,
 Yea, such a wing'd invention, that upborne
 The highest track, as lowly had he fall'n,
 Had he not held Judgement's severest rein,
 And won his way safe in the walk of Gods.
 His active mind still stronger grows with time;
 And, though his body bows beneath his years,
 His soul still glows with everlasting youth,
 And flames above the snows of rugged age.
 Say you that He can scorn what all revere?
 What all should reverence none can rev'rence more.
 He knows the dignity of man, preserves

* Milton's Lycidas.

His own inviolate, and fears himself
 More than the gazing host of all mankind.
 His theatre th' inspection of the Gods,
 He there his plaudit waits, and thence reveres
 Order, and law, and civil decency,
 And fights their glorious cause with more puissance
 Than he that would Nobility debase
 By pand'ring to its vices, and would spoil
 Greatness of that which most ennobles man,
 It's base of virtue.—Now, my long-lov'd friend,
 Dear name, in these Elysian shades, still dear
 When I survey thy golden line of life,
 It's one pure course, and Heav'n-illumin'd way,
 I see thee soar the heir of genuine fame—
 Since Glory's self above thy name may write,
 “ This Briton honour, Virtue's dauntless friend,
 “ And gifted high, as ever mortal man,
 “ To urge her cause with all the pow'rs of mind.”

No marvel then, e'en in his scornful age,
 When Science lights, a show'r of snow, on all,
 A fleety show'r, nor burthens on the soul—
 That such a moral angel, such a friend
 To man's most hallow'd and eternal weal,
 Should win his way at length to gen'ral love—
 That all the worthy and the wise should say,
 This light extinct, this Patriarch of his times
 Gather'd by death—we owe a filial grief
 To such a public father of mankind,
 Rent from his children wanting still his care,
 His tow'ring presence, and protecting love.
 And oh, ye narrower circle, chosen friends,
 Old in his favour—tho' your loss is gain
 To me when I receive him from your earth—
 Mine heart bleeds here, e'en here, to think that I
 Must blur my extacy with tears for you.
 But when with hearts of never-dying truth

Ye

Ye pay the last sad rites to him most lov'd,
 And bear him to that mansion of the dead
 Where the dear relics of the worthy rest,
 And dignify the sepulchres of kings—
 Pause 'mid your grief, and cast your eyes around,
 And all the worthies of the times foregone
 Consider'd—say — that never pious love—
 That never public rev'rence there convey'd
 The bones of one sincerer friend of truth,
 One abler advocate in Virtue's cause,
 One brighter pattern of the cause he serv'd,
 Tried in each duty, and more faultless found
 Than him for whom with you your country weeps:
 Speak thus, and tears of sorrow soon will turn
 To gen'rous rapture, to triumphant joy—
 For all is well indeed with him you love—
 His course hath clos'd, and full of years and honour
 He falls untimely for mankind, but bears

Rich on himself Glory's maturest meed,
 And after his long course of virtuous deeds
 Has reach'd, with all the plaudits of mankind,
 'The goodliest goal that ever—

C———D.

Ah ! behold
 On yonder mount that hides the Stygian stream
 A noon-day light ascending !—

GARRICK.

In his car
 Behold APOLLO—on their wings the Nine
 Float all around the God, cheq'ring the light
 With thousand colours—

C———D.

See—they hither bend,
 And now each lire, and now each voice divine,
 Swells into found—

I

GARRICK.

GARRICK.

Fast from the sacred groves—
 Fast from the vales—and ever-blooming bow'rs
 Pour forth the nobler spirits of Elysium—
 And songs of joy, and sounds of harps melodious,
 Warble from ev'ry place—but chief I see
 SHAKESPEARE all rapture—with impetuous hand
 He beckons me to hasten with the tide
 That rolls towards the mount—

C———D.

Go then, but I
 Awhile betake me to the deepest shades,
 Not envious, nor offended, but asham'd
 Through all my soul—ah ! now I see too late
 The prize of virtue—see—and pine my loss—
 Nor am I firm to meet this glorious fight,
 Thy friend's blest spirit freed from earthly woe.
 Hither all health, all youth, and richly-rob'd

In

In Glory's purest garb, triumphant comes.

GARRICK.

Gods, that I see him thus!—he comes indeed—

And all Elysium at his presence joys—

That at this time—his praise so late my theme—

I should for deathless fellowship receive him,

Is doubled transport—is consummate joy!

F I N I S.

THE
GARDEN OF ISLEWORTH,

A S K E T C H.

G. 3820.11 no. 6



THE
OF THE
AND
THE
THE
THE



JAMES LACY ESQ.

*(Late Patentee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.)
From an original Portrait, in the Possession of W. Lacy.*

*His Words were Bonds; his Oaths were Oracles;
His Heart as far from Fraud as Heav'n from Hell.*

London Pub.^d Feb. 2. 1794.

THE
GARDEN OF ISLEWORTH,
A S K E T C H,

(ATTEMPTED WITH A PEN,)

OF
A HOUSE AND GROUNDS,
ON THE
BANKS OF THE THAMES,

BY ONE FORMERLY POSSESSED OF THE PLACE.

INSCRIBED TO

R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. M. P.

(By W. Lacy.)

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

L O N D O N:

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1794.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*T*HOUGH I might plead that "flowing numbers, and a bleeding heart, but ill accord," yet as I have not presumed to give these few lines a name, I hope they will not be broken on the wheel of Criticism. They are effusions of real grief, an offering to the memory of those who were most precious to me; as well as of intended respect to that publick, whose past favors are gratefully impressed on my mind.

TO RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of inscribing to you this little Sketch of that place, you some time resided in; a pleasing retreat, "When
" from Courts and Senates free."—Your relaxations of *this* summer, have been in rearing a *stupendous edifice*, the object of general admiration, and no less of wonder, at the time in which it has been effected. But in much less have you raised wonders on that spot, which (though this will long continue a monument of your taste) will endure, when not a reck of this remains. But it is an elegant setting, or casket, for that jewel, as well as fit temple to Shakespeare.

If the Stage reflects the image of the times; in this sumptuous Theatre, we may view the prosperity of the age. May you, Sir, long enjoy, and add to it, is the wish of him, who is in admiration of your talents, and respect for your worth.

Your most devoted humble Servant,

WILLOUGHBY LACY.

Hanwell, Middlesex,
Feb. 2, 1734.

THE
GARDEN OF ISLEWORTH,
A P O E M.

OF Man's *first* trespass, and of Eden's loss,
I do not sing; far is my theme beneath,
Yet not so far beneath, as is my skill
To tune the vocal lay to *his*, who, by
The Muse invok'd, the Muse Divine inspir'd,
Has been unequall'd since, in Prose or Rhime.
But yet in humble strains, a plaintive tale,
A loss of Paradise I will relate:

Not such as Tygris, in its rapid course,
Nor the Euphrates in its current lav'd. 10
But yet a spot, where nature's liberal hand,
Of prospect rare, profusely had bestow'd,
All that could charm the sense, or please the eye;
A place, indeed, fit for the Muses' feat,
Worthy the song of their most favour'd sons. 15
Of *his*, who once near these enchanting banks,
In verse harmonious, deck'd the Grecian page;
Or that sweet Bard, who of the Seasons sung,
And painted Nature in her varied mein.
But chief by him, who, to no Muse *confinn'd*, 20
More than a *single* chaplet decks his brow,
Whether in life's reflecting glass pourtray'd,
He strikes the soul with cunning of the scene.
Or, in *real* action, on a wider field,
He brings the pressure of the time to view; 25
In ev'ry mode entranc'd, attention waits,
E'n jarring party, here abstracted stands,
Concurring in one general voice of praise.

No Muse will deign to smile upon *my* task,
Tho' mem'ry well indeed might claim a due, 30
Yet *thou*, dear faint---Thou spirit now in bliss,
That in terrestrial form (an Angel's then)
Didst once my heart with purest love inspire,
Now aid me in my purpos'd, wish'd design,
To sing those haunts of happiness and thee. 35

This charming splendid scene, where islands, grots,
High hills, and groves, and verdant winding meads,
With flow'rets strew'd, of gold enamell'd hue,
Border this silver current in its course,
Inlaid with gems, from the meridian sun ; 40
Or in the evening mild, a lucid plane,
On which in true, but mellow tints appears,
Pourtray'd this pleasing prospect to the view,
Joining the blue concave in perfect sphere.

But in this Eden, as in that of old, 45
Where our great Sire once found himself forlorn,
Not blest, till his Creator's hand bestow'd

His last, *best* work, and lovely woman gave ;
So Providence, that plac'd me in this fair retreat,
Favour'd with many gifts of *fortune* rare, 50
Compleated to me this most precious boon,
Woman, adorn'd with ev'ry outward charm,
Of mental beauty, no less heav'nly fair :
Not fairer could be, e'en her mother Eve,
Nor of her daughters any since more fair, 55
Or did in dignity, or mental grace excel ;
Not our great Ancestor, when first he saw
The parragon of his Creator's work,
With modest dignity approaching near,
Was more enrap't, than when Maria first, 60
To my admiring dazzl'd sight appear'd ;
And of my fancy, all that I had dream'd,
Of goodness, excellence, and truth, made real.
Well might, indeed, of her be truly said,
“ Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eyes, 65
“ In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.”

Worthy of such a guest, were Ifleworth's Bow'rs,
 And this fair stream, paying its tribute due ;
 Alas ! those waves will never more return,
 Those moments too, are in time's ocean lost!

70

Oh, happy place ! haunt of my earliest day,
 Where first I breath'd the humid breath of life ;
 Where I had hop'd to have drawn my latest sigh,
 And rested peaceful on my mother-earth :
 Yet more than half life's span, time measur'd here, 75
 And Ceres pour'd her gifts in plenty down,
 Under a Parent's wing, long time I stay'd,
 A God-like man ! Benevolent and wise ;
 With able head, and liberal hand adorn'd,
 Like this rich plenteous stream, in rapid course, 80
 And bad creation wear a fairer form.

A Mother's tender care here rear'd a plant,
 That better had been to the earth consign'd,
 'Ere it had known the chilling winter's frost,
 'Ere I had ever known her loss to mourn.

85

How many scenes these objects do renew,
 Like tablets, they bear records of the past,
 And mem'ry gives a faint possession still.
 Fancy re-echoes from that grove, a voice,
 Whose magic notes, could threaten or persuade ; 90
 Under that Portico, methinks I see,
 The noble person of my much lov'd fire,
 With step majestic, and a port divine,
 Turning in thought, matter of high debate,
 Or viewing of the scene, his taste adorn'd ; 95
 Nor this the only scene his genius rear'd,
 For Thames, thy banks can boast another Fan,
 Which e'en the Tyber's would not have disgrac'd,
 Nor antient Rome, have blush'd to call her own,
 By this excell'd in ornament within. 100
 Where Albion's fair, *this* gay * Pantheon grace,
 And

* Here also, to the South East of the Hospital, we see Ranelagh Gardens, which is one of those publick places of pleasure, about this metropolis, not to be equalled in all Europe. The gardens are beautiful, but the Amphitheatre is much more to be admired ; it is a circular building, whose external diameter is 180 feet ; round the whole is an arcade, and over that a gallery and balustrade, to admit the company into the upper boxes,

And with their charms, bright as the orb of day,
 Revolve in splendour, on the admiring view,
 Nay, ev'n to where the Chervil tribute gives,
 And joins the Ifis in its ouzy bank,
 Thy name is held in veneration due :
 Where on your wide domain explored the mine,*
 With grateful warmth to chear the num'rous poor.

105

But

boxes, except where the entrances break the continuity : over this are the windows, (as exhibited in the copper-plate) and it terminates with the roof. The internal diameter is 150 feet, and the architecture of the inside, corresponds with the outside, except that over every column, between the windows, termini support the roof.

In the middle of the area, is a chimney with four faces, which makes it warm and comfortable in cold weather. The orchestra fills up the place which was originally one of the entrances : the orchestra then stood in the center, where the chimney is at present. The entertainment consists of a fine band of music, with an organ, and some of the best voices.—*Entick's History of London.*

* Mr. LACY, on his estate in Oxfordshire, a county where coal was very dear, tried the experiment of digging for a mine, and sunk a considerable part of his fortune in the enterprize. As Mr. LACY was in a state of independence, it reflects the greater lustre on his public spirit. Had it met with success, (and which, if he had lived, it perhaps would) he would have been amply rewarded. But, as in searching for the Philosopher's stone, a useful discovery was made, so the country have yet reason to respect Mr. LACY's memory. Mr. LACY had a right of inclosure on the common land, on his estate, which he left open and free, as his own liberal mind. Would it had been more circumscribed in his bequests, but, like Heaven, he left him, who has most reason to revere his memory, "sufficient to have stood, yet "free to fall."

But last, not least, Maria is my grief,

Oh ! scenes yet more endear'd by you !

110

Where Hymen's bands did once our hearts unite,

And beauteous offspring gave the pledge of love,

Yet not within this paradise to dwell,

Your dear descendants have the world to roam,

Lolt by a parent, this enchanting scene,

120

Driven from this garden of delight and ease ;

Yet not thy faith, dear faint, most true,

Endow'd with wisdom, prudence, care,

Oh had our general mother been as firm,

Sin had ne'er enter'd on this world of woe ;

125

Nor death have desolated human kind.

To *sin's* temptations thou *indeed* wert proof,

(Tho' serpents try'd to lure thee by their guile)

But *death*, alas ! too soon a conquest made,

And struck thee with his all-subduing dart.

130

And now, methinks, upon this dreary shore,

Like a wreck'd mariner forlorn I stand,

The ship, indeed, from far appears in view,

But

But ah ! the treasures of the freight are lost ;
 And now on these devoted mournful banks, 135
 Devoted now to turn life's pages back,
 Oh, Thames, reflect those images to view,
 Unreal, as are those objects you present.
 Canst thou roll back thy waters to their source,
 And give again my days and hours now gone ; 140
 Or with oblivion like the drowzy flood,
 Now med'cine me to artificial ease.
 There stands that void and empty casket now,
 Which once, indeed, contain'd a jewel rare,
 Its price " 'bove rubies," was esteem'd, 145
 And justly too, by Israel's sapient king.

See yon proud tow'r, that rears its lofty head,
 And bears the semblance* of Religion's mien,
 But like too many, who that garb assume,
 It wears, alas ! no sanctity within : 150
 But yet its steeple is indeed sincere,

D

And

* A building in the form of a Chapel.

And doth contain a monitor most true,
 A preacher, who doth hourly loud proclaim,
 How fast life's fleeting moments pass away.

Can I these scenes in mem'ry now go o'er, 155
 And yet forget *thee*, *Allen*,* good old man,
 Cœval with my life, thy station here,
 Thou'lt borne me on thy knee a thousand times,
 Now in thy narrow cot thou sleep'st secure,
 More sound than on the high and giddy mast : 160
 Thy manners boist'rous, like the ocean rude,
 But wider still, than its extended shores,
 From that false element you differ'd far:
 Full thirty summers watch'd this pleasing spot,
 You trim'd the vine, and kept all weeds away. 165
 Like your own mind, producing choicest fruits,
 Things rank and gross, ne'er found admittance there.

Except

* ALLEN was in the capacity of gardener; he was formerly bred to the sea, and had been many voyages. He had all the bluntness, frankness, and honesty of the sailor. It might be said of him, as of Shakespear's Adam.

“ Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears,

“ The antique service of the antient world.”

Except one weed, indeed, of quickeſt growth,
 One blighted ſhrub your garden did invade,
 Which now is rooted from its native foil. 170
 Thy antient maſter knew thy value well,
 Which bore an humble ſemblance of his own,
 Nay, ev'n that Cynic, who nor deem'd the fun,
 Had influ'nce to explore the human mind,
 Would, knowing *thee*, have thrown his lamp aſide. 175

There ſtands the tree, which laſt I put in th' ground,
 A *mournful plant* !* in ſympathy it *weeps*,
 More tears as years increaſe, increas'd it ſheds,
 And from the fount of ſorrow ſeems to thrive,
 Alas ! I too have put forth ſhoots of woe ! 180
 For ev'ry year ſome freſh affliction brings.
 My lowly cottage as my large domain,
 Has not withſtood the ravage of the ſtorm.
 Yet have I comforts many, yet in ſtore ;
 But *comforts* did I ſay, they are my *pain*. 185

For

* A Weeping Willow.

For such, alas ! is my untoward fate,
To mourn the *living*, more than those are gone.

But *He*, who can the *ruff'd* wave controul, 190
Who even views “ a *sparrow in its fall*,”
To *His* behests submissively I bow,
Imploring Providence to be *their* guide.

F I N I S.

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T H E

A C T O R.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws :
No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to fit,
Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By BOOTH and CIBBER thirty years ago?
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
Why lov'd we WILKS's air, BOOTH's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A GARRICK's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,
The train of captive passions at thy will;
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic stare,
'Tis LEAR alarms me, for I see him there.

Nor yet confin'd to Tragic walks alone,
The Comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requisite to please,
Taste, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Ease,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Druggers' vacant fool.
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
That what we see the last, we like the best.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The Play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.

Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distrest,
No Actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
Ere persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An Actor flourish'd of no-vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and GENEST his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.
Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and gesture, all express
A kindred ardour in the Play'rs breast ;
'Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
He lost the Actor, and commenc'd the Man :
Profest the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, *Deportment*, *Voice*, and *Eye*.

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can please,
No figure charms us if it has not *Ease*.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no Actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies it place.

Unskilful Actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell:
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old JOHNSON once, tho' CIBBER's perter vein
But meanly groups him with a num'rous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the Comic scene.
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;

With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous Actor still forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forfaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the Voice be found and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a fee-faw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that Actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear:

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bulries the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.

The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In CIBBER's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek:

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen Actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue;
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;

Whose

Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the Prompter's voice recall them home.

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred Actor wiſh to know
Who fits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.

To ſuit the dreſs demands the Actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhou'd Pol. Peachum ſhine in ſattin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enforce the scene,
If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling GARRICK treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his SHAKESPEARE'S page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.

Tho'

'Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall They, who trace the passions from their rise
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless Artist! tho' thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal Praise,
Tho' at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,

Relentless

Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the Player in the Poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

T H E E N D.

A

REVIEW

OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE

BRITISH THEATRE,

OF

USEFUL HINTS TO MR. PITT,

ON

TAXATION.

LONDON:

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AND

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The whole to Conclude with the

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And a GRAND CHORUS by the Characters.

New music is composed for the occasion, and the accompaniments most happily adapted to the several roarings, bellowings, brayings, grumblings, neighings, &c. of the different performers. The characters *new dressed*, and every thing conducted with the utmost brilliancy and decorum.

And that nothing may be wanting to render this magnificent Spectacle satisfactory and superb to the eye of *taste* and *elegance*, deputies have been dispatched to the most noted fields, forests, and desarts, and the best Performers of the Woods selected for the occasion. They have, too, been some months in training, and now so gentle, may be played with like lap-dogs.

The Proprietors further assure the Public, that *Melpomene* and *Thalia* have received their *dismissal*, as drabs now useless at Theatres Royal; and that all Comedians (excepting those necessary to feed, stable, curry, and litter the present reinforcement), have discharges ready signed, which will be delivered in form at the conclusion of the season; and all future applications from such will be rejected from this notice; finding from experience, that *human* voices are too weak and imperfect to convey the sense of the Poet to the major part of the auditory of houses so large and extensive; and that the natives of *wilds* and *wastes* are better calculated to exhibit in a wilderness than those of the former establishment. The works, too, of Shakespeare, Dryden, Rowe, Otway, &c. are to expire on the funeral pile; conceiving such trash too vulgar and insipid to amuse a sensible and judicious people, who are so generous to pay *six* shillings for what may be viewed in places of more propriety for *two*. And as all the above-named performers are engaged at *immense* salaries and early *benefits*, the Proprietors may be under the necessity of *taxing* the audience *another* shilling on the price of admittance

mittance. But, should this take place, they pledge themselves to fix a sufficient number of *peace officers* to prevent disturbance, should the company presume to think themselves imposed on, or dare resent the least infringement on their long-accustomed privileges. And as they mean to be indefatigable in their present design of converting a place of rational amusement into a *Bear Garden*, hope to be honoured with that patronage such exertions deserve, and that the following Hint will also meet the approbation of the Minister, and draw his attention before the opening of the Budget.

N. B. No Lady or Gentleman need be apprehensive of some of the new performers taking *fright*; for should any little mistake happen, such as a *sudden plunge* into the pit, or a *leap* into the boxes, no further mischief could ensue, than the loss of a few *lives*, which is a trifling consideration compared to the gratification they will receive; and besides, the Public will, with their usual good nature, make every allowance for a *first appearance*.

Theatre-Royal Nubibus,

Feb. 31. 1995.

T O T H E

Rt. Hon. WILLIAM PITT.

A REVIEW OF THE STAGE.

LARGE houses incommodioufly,
Few performers of ability,
And in Theatres Royally,
Handy's troop shew disgracefully,
As by no means theatrically,
For at such trash and trumpery,
(Never known, Sirs, till lately,)
We may justly cry---Well-a-day!
Quadrupeds without utility,
Displayed pantomimically,
And sneered at contemptuously.

In Newspapers ridiculously,
Puffs blazon conspicuously :
Mere ostentation and vanity,
Cooked up Managerically,
To lure the unthinkingly.

C

All

All dramatic intelligency,
 Inserted so craftily,
 Comes from Manager secretly,
 And (besides orders plentifully)
 Paid for most lavishly :

And while swallowed credulously.
 Or the Town take it patiently,
 Hold the reins too, thus carelessly,
 Nor lash reprehensively,
 They will dash on thus shamelessly,
 And think it sound policy.

Acting managers (vehemently)
 In speech consequentially,
 Bruit forth their duplicity,
 As deeds meritoriously.

High time to act spiritedly
 When proprietors heartily
 Laugh at indulgency,
 And their patrons credulity.

A new play almost weekly,
Most, written execrably,
 Bought with fums paltry,
 To impose on us grossly.

Thus acting with arrogancy,
 Treat *merit* disdainfully,
 Reject *good* pieces ignorantly,

Or

Or depress genius wilfully,
Unless *recommendatory*.

Rob authors inhumanly,
Of *benefits* long customary,
Purchase plays niggardly,
Then boast generosity !

Fresh *faces* perpetually,
(Talents not shiningly)
To draw audience crowdedly,
And managers end answered by,
Drop again in obscurity.

Thus the Town is gull'd shamefully.
Tax'd most enormously,
By *price* raised immoderately,
For seats far less comfortably,
Than what they were formerly,
And some placed so distantly,
Scarce a word's heard distinctively.

This tax too, *enforcedly*,
By such numerous magistracy,
To keep people peaceably,
Who had no right to bear patiently,
Their province invaded by,
Impositions insultingly,
Nor pass them by tamely,
When offer'd so daringly,

But

But force Legislatively,
 Kept a public at bay, Sir
 Taxes increase rapidly,
 Which the poor feel most grievously
 All deplore mournfully,
 While the Theatres go *scot free!*

Patentees fare most sumptuously,
 Live very splendidly,
 Town and country residency!
 Furnished magnificently!
 In chariots superbly,
 Lol proud and supinely,
 And spurn honest industry,
 When a *dun* appears openly.

Players (unreflectingly)
 On large weekly salary,
 Spend their time merrily,
 Most dissipatedly,
 Some parsimoniously,
 But very few *worthily*.

Fair Helens (all elegance,
 Wit, love and pleasantry)
 Gallant it so fashionably,
 Should I say *prostitutionally*,
 They'd call it impertinently,
 And, tho' immerg'd in debauchery,
 Hear it unblushingly.

If

If disease avariciously,
 Be found constitutionally,
 Bleed the vein of extravagancy,
 As the right cure *methodically*.

This will e'er prove effectually,
 Let *who will* act medicinally,
 For with purse diplomatiquely,
 Whether *princely*, or *peasantry*,
 You may take a degree, Sirs.

Tarquins (bred Dung-hilly,
 With barn troop itinerantly)
 Of past times forgetfully,
 Act very ungraciously,
 And grow so overbearingly,
 That circumstance recently,
 (Suppress'd out of decency)
 Deem it ungentlemanly,
 Indeed, some call it villainously,
 Tho' allow'd to be *ravishingly*!

Yet by no means so *temptingly*,
 (However *at*-temptedly)
 But Lucretia, most virtuously,
 Resented indignity,
 Nor would pass by the injury,
 Or be bribed into secrecy.

Just anger, thus rouzedly,
 To check, was politically ;
 As Jury, selectedly,
 In Court sit decidedly,
 And with tales, thus amusingly,
 Might agree too, unanimously,
 That Justice impartially,
 Pass sentence decisively,
 And, in language *transportingly*,
 Cry---a trip, Sir, to Botany !
 Or scone stuck in pillory.

So waving all ceremony,
 And to do things too, cleverly,
 Creep into print pitifully,
 With apology sneakingly.

Turn informer maliciously,
 And to magistrate personally,
 Comes, Sirs, complainingly,
 Of insult on Patentee ;
 By players, goodnaturedly,
 (And but for *two nights* only)
 Performing for charity,
 For brother in Marshalsea.
 And thus interferingly,
 Deprived him of Liberty.

Thus *little* souls, naturally,
 Ever act cowardly.

The

The State makes a patentee,
 The patent *monopoly*,
 Under which they act wickedly,
 Can afford to pay liberally,
 To a State thus their guarantee.

Will, no doubt, comply chearfully,
 Where a claim may come *rightfully*,
 In a *tax* laid judiciously,
 Sir, observe not too *sparingly*.

For decorations expensively,
 One Shilling per head, d'ye see,
 They tax *us* unreasonably,
 Tho' additional company
 Re-imburfed them most amply.

On this subject minutely,
 Having small capability,
 I can touch but imperfectly,
 But idea judgmatically,
 In you shine so forcibly,
 That a hint given happily,
 And what would be serviceably,
 Might prove irresistibly,
 Considered *attentively*,

And tho' given presumptuously,
 May deem it so whimsically,
 As to tickle you pleasantly.
 So that wound up harmoniously,

In

You may, Sir, agree with me
 That this shilling *extortionately*,
 (You may add 'tother fixpenny,) *W*
 Ta'en from them so prettily,
 Would be such an expediency,
 And a happy conveniency,
 In this time of exigency.
 Come to Government properly,
 Punish deservedly;
 And the people not injured by.
 Nay, but few *individually*,
 Those not essentially,
 For gains so considerably,
 Might spare very easily,
 And impositions so glaringly
 Retaliated *justly*.

You may rest, Sir, assuredly;
 'Twould be relished delightfully,
 The poor would less burthened be,
 That now feel most poignantly,
 We should all too bow gratefully,
 Thank you most cordially,
 To the State must come usefully,
 Is my opinion candidly.

Mr. PITT take the hint
 LACONICALLY.

To be continued more pointedly.

AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF
S A M U E L F O O T E, Esq.



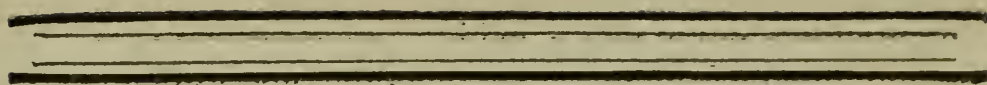
Weep, Thaly Weep!

By BOSCHERECCIO.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, N^o 46, Fleet-Street. 1778.

[Price 1s. 6d.]



A N
E L E G Y

O N T H E
D E A T H

O F
S A M U E L F O O T E, E S Q.

SWEET Wag! whose Voice was wont to cheer
Our 'Theatres from Year to Year;
Whom many a Summer we have seen,
The merriest Songster on the Green;
Whose Wit Hibernia's Sons could charm,
And Scottish Climes with Wagg'ry warm;
Whether in borrow'd Bush of Hair,
He ap'd the smirking Auctioneer;

Or strutting big a Major bold,
 The dire Dismay at Hounslow told;
 How a whole Herd of Beeves took fright,
 And put the City Files to flight;
 Allow'd to glad our Scenes awhile,
 Once the Delight of Albion's Isle!
 In many a Tale who charm'd before,
 Is doom'd alas—to charm no more!

When * Mercury had trac'd the Rover,
 The furly Ferryman at Dover
 Took in the Wag and wafted over,
 Old Charon in his batter'd Bark;
 But hark? what dismal Voices, hark?
 What Sound is that, or rather Groan,
 That issues out of Lud's great Town;
 Loud as the Billows beat the Shore,
 And universal as their Roar?
 Through the whole Isle the Moanings spread;
 'Tis Samuel, Samuel, Samuel's dead!
 Ye Swans of Thames prepare to chime,
 Who out of Mud, Fog, Darkness rhyme;

* See Lucan's Dialogues.

He died at Dover in his Way to France, *October 1777.*

Croak Elegies, and Ditties bring,
 With footy Plume of Raven's Wing,
 The doleful Dirge, the Song prepare, }
 In Ledger, Post, or Gazetteer, }
 Squeeze out the Maudlin Muse's Tear?
 Ye Hags that chant in Streets for Gain,
 Cull out the Melancholic Strain?
 Ye Printers Devils stretch your Throats,
 Warble your unmelodious Notes?
 For Foote, who like a Mirror shone,
 Your Aristophanes—is gone?
 Ye laughing Wags that love good Cheer,
 Who his select Companions were;
 As the swift Bottle march'd along,
 With loud Applause Io Pœans sung;
 When from his Mouth some lucky Stroke,
 With Drollery of Action broke;
 Expressive Grin, arch Eye and Look,
 Salacious, àpropos, a Joke;
 Ye * Thatch'd-house Blades his Loss deplore,
 For Foote, your Belzebub's—no more!

* Samuel Foote, Esq; was President of a Society held at that Tavern, called the Belzebub Club.

Ye Marrow-bones and Cleavers rally ?
 Ye Nymphs that ply in every Alley,
 Who to behold the mimic Man,
 To crowd the Play-house Galleries ran;
 From Princes Street to Charing Cross,
 Ye Hedge Lane Nymphs, deplore his Loss;
 To Cytherea make your Moan,
 For Aristophanes—is gone!
 Ye fimm'ring Dames that love Delight,
 Who front the Side-box Rows each Night;
 Ye Prudes, that ambush'd in Disguise,
 Spreading your Fans before your Eyes
 To hide the Blush—that doth not rise,
 And under that commodious Screen
 Take the full Charge of Bawdry in;
 When in your Ears chaste Mother Cole,
 Pour'd forth the Frothings of her Soul;
 And to your Eyes expos'd to View
 A Bagnio Scene and all its Shew;
 Compound of Sanctity and Sin,
 The Porterefs of Charms and Gin?
 Ye merry Wags who laugh at Wit,
 To see Quack, Bawd, or Coxcomb hit;

Who

Who arch Grimace and Pun admire,
 Friends of the Muse and Phœbus fire;
 Who set the Theatres on Roar,
 Your Samuel, your Foote deplore,
 For Foote, your Samuel, is no more !
 “ Weep, * Thaly, weep! no more be gay,
 “ Throw Socks and Soles and Mask away;
 “ With your bare Feet tread sadly on,
 “ The melancholy Stage upon;
 “ No Flash of Merriment let 'scape,
 “ Hang all the dismal Scenes with Crape;
 “ To Candle-snuffers make your Moan,
 “ For Foote your Luminary's gone!
 “ Ye Comic Wits that glad the Age,
 “ Who under Thaly's Banners wage;
 “ Whether as Manager you shine
 “ An humble Slave to serve the Nine;
 “ Or charm the Galleries or Pit,
 “ Players, or Publishers of Wit;
 “ With mangled Rites his Loss deplore,
 “ For Samuel, Samuel, is no more !

}

* Thaly, from Thalia, the Greek Name of the Comic Muse.

“ For Foote the Muses merriest Son,
 “ To Pluto’s Region he is gone ;
 “ That Soul of Satire, Wit and Whim,
 “ Even Death has clapt his Claws on him ! ”
 Weep, Albion weep ! your Loss deplore,
 The British Cenfor is no more !
 No Thrasher now to mouth and rail,
 Whirls round and round his threat’ning Flail ;
 To cleanse the Barley from the Chaff,
 The guilty Candidate may laugh ;
 The Dame whose Lord is living still,
 May shine a Duchess if she will ;
 Nor dread the Bard’s dramatic Rage,
 The idle Mockery of the Stage ;
 Nabobs their ill-got Wealth may keep,
 And Jobbers o’er their Contracts sleep ;
 The Priest may cant, the Bawd and Jew
 Seduction, Usury pursue ;
 The Minister may bribe encore,
 For Samuel, Samuel, is no more !



A N
O D E
O N H I S
M A J E S T Y ' s
B I R T H - D A Y .

I.
F A V O U R ' D of Earth and Skies,
See, see, Britannia? happy Parent rise !
See, see, exalted on thy Throne,
A Monarch of our own !
Great G E O R G E our King,
His lov'd Offspring ;
Charlotte's fair Race,
Each Maid a Grace,
Of sober Joys and Temp'rance the Crown :

C

Examples

Examples of conjugal Bliss,
 Of Concord and Joys without Strife;
 The very best Husband Her Spouse is,
 And Charlotte's the very best Wife.

II.

See, see, Britannia, once again,
 See, what our Fathers wish'd, but wish'd in vain?
 With Virtues worthy of a Throne,
 A Sov'reign of our own;
 His Sons a princely Race,
 In whom we trace,
 Each Royal Feature and each budding Grace:
 As Lillies of the Field His Daughters fair,
 Make them thy Care;
 Ah, sweet Britannia! 'tis a Nation's Pray'r!
 Protect Him by Day and by Night,
 Ah! grant him at Home and Abroad,
 Since Peace is the Monarch's Delight,
 The Blessings of Peace for Reward!

III.

See, see, return'd the happy Day,
 Fragrant with Flow'rs of May,
 That gave Him to thy Hopes, Britannia, fair!

Make

Make Him thy Care,
Ye azure Powers,
That watch these Shores in Adamantine Bow'rs !
Hearken and hear,
Ye blue ey'd Nereids, Guardians of this Isle,
Upon Him smile !
Protect Him by Day and by Night,
Ah ! grant Him at Home and Abroad,
Since Peace is the Monarch's Delight,
The Blessings of Peace for Reward !



[12]

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general

introduction to the subject of the book.

The second part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of solving the

problem of the book.

The third part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the various methods of solving the

13

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

2 *Spencer*

Mrs. J O R D A N.

1851

1851

1851

1851

1

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

Mrs. JORDAN.

ILLIUS EX OCULIS, CUM VULT EXURERE DIVOS
ACCENDIT GEMINAS LAMPOEDAS ACER AMOR.
ILLAM QUICQUID AGIT, QUOQUO VESTIGIA FLECTIT
COMPOSIT FURTIM, SUBSEQUITURQUE DECOR.

TIBULLUS.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, PALL-MALL,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND TO THEIR
ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

1 1 1 1 1

Wm. JORDAN

T O

M^{RS.} J O R D A N.

W H E N death's pale hand extinguish'd GARRICK's light,
The Drama's glory sat in total night ;
The rising genius of the barren stage,
Gave glad assurance to th' approaching age---
While he remain'd, on him the Muse relied ;
With him her last faint hopes surviv'd and died---
Then SHERIDAN, majestically flow,
Pour'd the deep torrent of poetic woe :

He struck his forrowing lyre, and nobly paid
 The last due requiem to his Roscius' shade;---
 Alike the Comic Nymph and Tragic Queen
 Mourn'd the lost honours of their faded scene---
 For each by turns esteem'd him as her own,
 And each announc'd him as her darling son---
 Just were their griefs; for long neglected lay
 The drooping chaplets of their with'ring bay---
 A tedious blank succeeded---None arose
 To rescue genius from invading foes---
 SHAKESPEAR and Nature fill'd the scene no more,
 For few could feel, and none confess'd their pow'r;
 Instead of these, dogmatically vain,
 The vapid product of a curdled brain,
 Affected sentiment in morals clad,
 Spun out five frothy acts in prose run mad;
 A vacant gravity o'erspread the face,
 And declamation drawl'd in passion's place---

Thus

Thus for a time the stage declining seem'd,
 No ray of all its former lustre beam'd;
 Apace it sunk---When lo! before unknown,
 A new support uprear'd the Muse's throne---
 Forth from obscurity at once the blaze
 Of splendid merit burst on modern days;
 The SIDDONS came---She bade the tear to flow,
 And fill'd each breast with sympathetic woe;
 'Twas her's in madness, and in rage to shine,
 To speak the queen in ev'ry nervous line;
 To paint the anguish of a jealous heart,
 And disappointed love's keen pangs impart;
 To draw the horrors of a guilty mind,
 And be whate'er the tragic Bard design'd :---
 But this was all that partial Nature lent,
 No comic powers, no hum'rous vein were sent.
 For still, whene'er she left her sphere, and tried
 To lay the heroine's pomp of woe aside,

Tho'

Tho' sense and study join'd their mutual aid,
 Yet too much art the thin deceit betray'd;
 She seem'd below herself, and want of ease
 Denied the last great requisite to please---
 But in her own peculiar walk she shone
 With matchless fame, and honours all her own;
 She woke the sleeping genius of the age,
 And flung new lights upon the poet's page;
 She touch'd the keenest fibres of the soul,
 And bade anew each torpid passion roll---
 Beneath her auspices the stage receiv'd
 Encreasing greatness, and its fame retriev'd;
 The grace of CIBBER seem'd once more alive,
 For SIDDONS all her vanish'd charms revive.
 But something further was reserv'd by fate,
 The final triumph of the scenic state;
 To make us feel ev'n GARRICK's loss no more,
 And be, what he and PRITCHARD were before---

Like

Like them an equal share of praise to gain
 In mirth's gay sallies, or the tragic strain---
 This to perform at last did JORDAN come,
 And rais'd their buried graces from the tomb.
 Shall then the Muse, who shed the sacred tear,
 And pour'd her griefs o'er ROSCIUS' fable bier;
 Not hail the bright revival of his fame?
 For (the sex chang'd) their pow'rs are sure the same.
 If none besides will wake the votive string,
 Let me, whom yet no Muse e'er taught to sing,
 (Tho' far unequal to the task) essay
 On Merit's shrine this humble gift to lay---
 Without one hint of all the flimsy dyes
 Which flatt'ry spreads to catch the rabble's eyes,
 In artless numbers from the heart express,
 Its genuine dictates in their simplest dress---
 When VIOLA to hopeless flames a prey,
 Pines with her smother'd love, and fades away,

Each sentence moves us more from lips like those,
 And ev'ry line with added beauty glows---
 When wand'ring wild, to seek what climes afford
 Some certain tidings of her captive lord,
 MATILDA roams ; the melancholy strain
 Wakes in each breast a gently pleasing pain :
 At that sad voice the nerves responsive beat ;
 " It lends a very echo to the feat
 " Where love is thron'd."---So soft it sounds, that hence
 The tuneful nothings steal the charms of sense.
 Again behold the Country Girl appears
 With arch---simplicity.—The Queen of Tears
 Flies far away, mirth rules the sportive night,
 And all is rapture, laughter and delight---
 'Tis not the actress speaks---'tis Nature all ;
 No tinsel tricks the wand'ring sense recal.
 Th' illusion lasts throughout---in ev'ry tone,
 Unfetter'd Genius stamps her for his own---

Who

Who that had only seen her in some part,
 Where, as in VIOLA, she charms the heart,
 Where ev'ry step is elegance; and grace
 Informs each feature of that lovely face;
 Who that had seen her thus, would e'er presume
 To think those speaking eyes could still assume
 The rolling vacancy, and senseless stare,
 That marks the gawkiness of HOYDEN'S air?—
 Or who that only had MATILDA seen,
 And the soft tenderness of RICHARD'S Queen,
 Would e'er conceive that the same form might shew,
 The rakish freedom of a rattling beau?
 Such are thy pow'rs, so vast and unconfin'd,
 Quick as a thought, and shifting like the wind!
 Oh then! avoid not where the tragic dame
 Points a wide prospect of increasing fame---
 Let her at least thy varied homage share,
 Nor make THALIA'S wreath thine only care.

What tho' ingenuous diffidence may dread
 In SIDDON's track a rival path to tread;
 Still there's a course which thou may'st safely steer,
 Of all invidious emulation clear.
 To her the haughty and the great resign;
 The humbler walk of plaintive grief be thine;
 When fierce conflicting passions rend the soul,
 Her's be the task to bid the tumult roll;
 When storms of jealous rage and wild despair,
 With strong convulsive throbs the bosom tear,
 Still must she stand unrival'd, and alone,
 Nor should another dare approach her throne---
 But be't thy part each tender breast to move,
 With the soft eloquence of artless love---
 When JULIET's am'rous bosom swells with grief,
 And by complaining, fondly courts relief,
 Who like thyself the love-sick tale could tell,
 Or fill that outline SHAKESPEAR drew so well?

When

When exil'd IMOGEN, bereft of friends,
 Thro' pathless wilds her dreary progress bends,
 The roots her sustenance, the ground her bed,
 No friendly roof to shield her helpless head;
 Where female softness, join'd to scorn of death,
 Forms the bright pattern of connubial faith;
 Say who so fit as thou each touch to give,
 Each lively touch, and bid the picture live?
 In parts like these thy varied charms display---
 Expand thy pow'rs before the eye of day:
 What Nature freely gave, as free reveal,
 Nor half thy merits from the world conceal---
 Thus may perfection in each different view
 Contrasted, charm with beauties ever new---
 Thus shalt thou still attract th' enraptur'd throng,
 To catch the magic of thy Syren tongue;
 Thus shall thy name perpetual honours guard;
 Thus may thy labours meet their due reward;

May wealth and fortune all thy steps attend,
 And private worth retain the private friend;
 For (if report speaks true) that face imparts
 An honest copy from the best of hearts---
 The gen'rous feelings of a lib'ral mind,
 And solid sense to gay good humour join'd.

So may some nobler pen than his, who pays
 These trivial lines of tributary praise;
 Some Bard inspir'd, some second CHURCHILL rise,
 And (as he plac'd on GARRICK'S brows the prize)
 Enroll thy mem'ry deathless in his rhimes,
 And hand the record down to future times.

F I N I S.

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T H E

O P E R A:

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P O E M.

 H Y, tell me why, good heav'n, was I so curst,
Why doom'd of all ill fates to bear the worst;
Why fated on this wretched spot to dwell,
To see my country tangled in the spell
Of sneering Folly, there well pleas'd remain,
Adore the charm, and hug the galling chain:
Ye power's! had frozen Zembla giv'n me birth,
Where fainting rays scarce dare to creep on earth;
Where Darkness loves in dreary pomp to reign,
Tho' thousand envious tapers burn in vain,

B

(In vain they burn, in vain each glimm'ring ray,
The gloomy horror strives to chace away ;
In vain they feebly lift their brightest flame,
The gloomy horror still remains the same ;
Unmov'd their fruitless efforts still defies,
Nor spite of all their force united flies ;
They the thick gloom scarce more to pierce appear,
Than Reason's lamp, the mist of Folly here ;
But barely serving this great end at most,
To keep dull heads from bumping 'gainst a post :)
Where frowning winter hectors uncontroul'd,
Where the keen air inflicts extremest cold ;
Where roughest winds with roughest fury blow ;
Where dazling gleams one trackless wild of snow ;
Where fleecy clouds ne'er deck the summer sky,
Where no gay flow'r invites the wandring eye ;
Where prattling Age in social converse join'd,
No snug warm sunny corner e'er can find,
In grateful Indolence to bask away
The listless Hours ; where the sharp-biting Day
Compels e'en fur-clad Labour to retire ;
Where Ease sits ever crouching o'er the fire ;

E'en there I had been blest, supremely blest,
Free from those pangs which now distract my breast.

Tho' fleecy clouds here paint the summer sky,
Tho' beauteous flow'rs attract the admiring eye ;
Tho' prattling Age in social converse join'd,
Can always here some sunny corner find,
In grateful Indolence to bask away
The listless Hours ; tho' here the chillest Day
Can mod'rate exercise with warmth inspire ;
And only sloth fits crouching o'er the fire :
Yet here with blessings thus profusely sown,
E'en here, when most I'm happy, still I groan
In sharper anguish than I there had known.

Place me on Afric's sandy plains, where down
Rushing precipitant bright sun beams drown
The sick'ning eye ; where horrid monsters teem
In dread abundance ; where the cooling stream,
To the deaf waste loud bellowing bootless pain,
Thirst mad'ning seeks, but mad'ning seeks in vain ;

Where trembling Zephyrs never dare appear ;
Where burning sands a leafless mantle wear ;
Where Health sits drooping in her sultry bow'rs ;
While Pain retards the slowly moving hours :
E'en there I had been blest, supremely blest,
Free from those Ills which now distract my breast.

Tho' here the sprightly Zephyrs sportive play,
And earth is ever green and ever gay ;
Tho' here e'en Sickness smiles in rosy bow'rs,
While Pleasure wings the nimble footed hours :
Yet here, with blessings thus profusely sown,
E'en here, when most I'm happy, still I groan
In sharper anguish than I there had known.

(Thus spoke Morose, exclaiming loudly, whom
Impatience all the while drove round the room :
His nether lip in durance firm held fast
Betwixt his teeth ; at length himself he cast
Into his seat ; then fix'd a frownful look
On me :—I smiling, thus the wretch bespoke)

S. Thou Son of spleen ! why madly do'st thou rave ?
This frantic wild behaviour, prithee leave :
'Fore gad, my dear, the world will think you craz'd ;
Blessings you've curs'd, and bitt'rest curses prais'd :
Rail at thy country thus with blessings sown,
And cause not roasted or not frozen groan !
—'Tis Melancholy causes all thy pain,
And mopeful Hyp with all their fretful train ;—
—— Of peevish discontent discharge thy breast,
Thy days will teem with joy, thy nights with rest.

M. Poor brainless thing !—No, not that I was born
On Britain's heav'n befriended isle, I mourn ;
Nor e'er did sullen Hyp in wayward mood,
Impede the genial current of my blood ;
'Tis not for scorching desarts that I pine,
Nor for keen cold would temp'ature resign ;
But ah ! I mourn (alas ! long banish'd hence !)
The sad sad loss of nature and of sense ;
And doom'd with creatures such as thee to dwell,
I suffer all I can conceive of hell.

S. He, he—(I laugh'd and thought 'twou'd be a joke,
The cross-grain'd crusty rusty rogue to smoke;
And in my purpose did the more confide,
Well knowing all the world was on my side;
Ideal triumph smiling on my plan,
I smil'd, took snuff, then hemm'd and thus began)
He, he—(he frown'd) he he—(I laugh'd again,
Conquest in such a cause quite sure to gain)
He, he—most worthy Sir, your noble rage,
Against th' unnumber'd follies of the age,
Command our reverence, our best esteem,
And ev'ry tongue shou'd make thy worth it's theme;
But since all actions are esteem'd, you know,
According to the source from which they flow,
'Thy virtues scarce will find th' expected meed,
For 'tis from want of taste that they proceed;
You're void of Gout; you have not the BON TON;
Therefore, forsooth, you're right and others wrong;
A proof right well establish'd! sage conclusion!
—Obscurity's the mother of delusion:
When in your closet you incessant pore,
And thumb some dusty musty volume o'er;

Plodding intent, on some grave blockhead's rules ;
Some fool's bequest to all succeeding fools ;
When thus with letters you converse alone,
The world unknowing, to the world unknown ;
Shall you pretend their pleasures to annoy,
And damn the dear delights which they enjoy ?
Then pert and froward let the dim-ey'd mole
Descant on beauty from her dirty hole ;
There vent on heav'nly ANCASTER her spite,
And swear she's ugly, for her eyes are bright.

M. 'Tis Reason only can conduct us, where :
Dwells solid bliss and happiness sincere ;
She sober Matron ! flies the giddy crowd
Where springs the jest obscene with laughter loud ;
Where Dissipation flants in gaudy state,
While calm Reflection faints beneath her feet ;
Where Scandal smiling is with smiles receiv'd,
And's thank'd for tales which yet are not believ'd ;
Where dull Indiff'rence sheaths each joyless heart,
Where Love in vain lets fly his keenest dart ;

And, weeping, yields his mother's lov'd embrace
 To PUG or FOPLING, who supplies his place :
 Where Wealth on softest bosoms deals his wounds,
 With thumps from bags of twenty thousand pounds ;
 Where Honour scarce appears, nay scarce is known,
 Except (like heathen Jove) by name alone ;
 It's influence remov'd almost as far,
 And like him *represented* by a star ;
 From scenes like these Reason offended flies,
 And from the painful view averts her eyes ;
 She with all piercing glance the snake surveys,
 Which lurks unseen in Pleasure's flow'ry maze ;
 Thro' rougher paths pursues her steady way,
 While heart-felt raptures all her toil o'erpay ;
 Leading her vot'ries, who her steps attend,
 To realms of bliss, and transport without end.

S. Reason ! an errant vixen she—who plac'd
 At a rich feast, with ev'ry dainty grac'd,
 Forbids the hungry longing guests to taste ;
 Scaring dull fools with a dull dismal tale
 Of latent poisons—then they groan—look pale—

In ev'ry dish think Death in ambush lies——
While the wise man eats, laughs, and her defies :
Reason !—she like those furlly wights who wait
To sell admision at his lordship's gate ;
When, the gay prospect op'ning to your view,
You strait admire, and strive to enter too ;
With all the haughty privilege of place,
She bangs the door of pleasure in your face.

M. Alas ! you know her not—Oh ! cou'd you see
That fund of joy of which she holds the key ;
With mind impartial, could you but compare
Her sober grace, with Pleasure's tawdry glare ;
Did your struck heart the force of truth confess,
And know the vain vacuity of dress,
With soul enraptur'd Reason you'd adore,
And Pleasure, pleas'd exchange, for something more ;
Pleasure's a gay coquet, will lead you on
With flatt'ring hopes, and wring your heart when done,
Reason will ne'er on easy Faith impose,
But, more than Pleasure *promises*, bestows :

D

Reason, and Virtue, every breast shall own,
Like CHARLOTTE, please the more, the more they're known.

S. So sweetly sliding, troll along your tongue
The rules of good and ill, of right and wrong,
'Egad, methinks in public you shou'd teach,
And from your pulpit saving doctrines preach.

M. Whilst modest Piety strives still in vain,
A wretched scanty sustenance t'attain,
Forc'd to divide 'twixt Earth and Heav'n his care,
To shift, and starve, on thirty pounds a year ;
While from on high, proud W——— looks down,
And *condescends* to grace him with a frown ;
(W——— who can rant, and rage, and mouth
At Sanctity itself, not sparing L———)
The sacred function humbly I disclaim,
Nor wish in church records to set my name.

S. In truth 'tis excellent—your vain abuse
On whom you please, at random to let loose :

—Some foibles still with highest virtue join'd,
In ev'ry breast, in ev'ry age you'd find ;
Why cast on W——— your spleen abroad ?
England e'er now, has revered a LAUD.
Tho' you possess'd an hundred clam'rous tongues,
A throat of adamant, and brazen lungs ;
Tho' you should roar till e'en those lungs shou'd burst
Calling, of ev'ry age the present worst ;
I then might this believe, but nothing more,
That we are now what others were before.

M. If I should grant you, that preceding times
Were full as pregnant as our own with crimes,
If this I grant, (tho' all too hasty spoke)
The rash concession TRUTH must needs revoke ;
Since Vice triumphant reigns in ev'ry place,
And Virtue dares not shew her honest face ;
But bashful creeps about in strange disguise,
Wearing, for sake of peace, the mask of Vice :

Since Justice from her sacred temple hurl'd,
From whence she us'd to bless a thankful world,

Now mounted on a weather-cock at last,
Is turn'd, and turn'd, by ev'ry partial blast,
While Fortune fills her once respected seat,
And tramples Equity beneath her feet :
Issuing abroad her giddy blind decrees,
Just as a cunning sly State-juggler please,
Who by the specious lot of pack'd Court-cards
Acquits, condemns, saves, punishes, rewards :
Who public Spirit drove with brutal hand,
With WILKES, to wander in a foreign land ;
(Wilkes, whom incessantly to latest days
With grateful accents Liberty shall praise :)
Since Valour halting on his wooden leg,
Is forc'd by want, of Cowardice to beg ;
This the reward of all his glorious toil,
While rav'nous A——— devours the spoil,
While they whose brav'ry did the banquet carve,
At distance wait, and look, and sigh, and starve :

Since Christian C——, with Christian zeal inspir'd,
A peaceful land, which only peace desir'd,

Ranfacks, deftroys, lays deep in blood and flames ;
 Then pious bleffes God, who blest his pious aims.
 (—Remorfe !—to fcouge yon parricide, forbear :
 If C—— be guiltlefs, what has he to fear ?)
 Since Charity, the attribute of Heav'n,
 'The Child of Providence, from hence is driv'n ;
 She who of late was ever feen to fmile
 With sweeteft influence o'er the Britifh Ifle ;
 That Charity which late fo bounteous fed
 The German Wand'ers, now is loft—is dead——
 —BARBADOES, funk in afhes on the plain,
 Of Britain begs relief, and begs in vain.——

Hence MALICE ftraining wide her horrid throat,
 Croaks forth Detraction with a raven's note ;
 “ 'Twas Curiofity, who leagued with Pride,
 “ The hungry Palatines with food fupply'd ;
 “ 'Twas mean Self-int'reft fent the mournful band,
 “ To reach with joyful hearts their deftin'd land :
 “ When here at firft their little tents were plac'd,
 “ By Harmony and humble Quiet grac'd,

“ Did I not see an idly busy throng ;
 “ Supinely gape, and stare, and stalk along ?
 “ While Wonder, with an empty curious eye,
 “ Thro’ the new scene delighted lov’d to pry ;
 “ While Idleness on the dear theme would talk,
 “ *Oh ! ’twas so charming for a morning-walk ;*
 “ Then saunt’ring homeward, at a Banker’s shop,
 “ With senseless grin, the gay Donation drop ;
 “ Till CAUTION whisper’d—Learn to be discreet,
 “ They who here feast your eyes, here too must eat—
 “ At CAUTION’s call away with gifts they’re sent,
 “ And present bounties future ills prevent :
 (So PHARAOH to avoid impending smart,
 Was glad to let the Israelites depart)
 “ But ah ! had their distresses been as deep,
 “ As e’er the eye of Pity learn’d to weep ;
 “ If absent they had ask’d for Britain’s aid,
 “ And from another shore assistance pray’d ;
 “ In Anguish still had ev’ry Bosom heav’d ;
 “ Britain had ne’er their miseries reliev’d ;
 “ BARBADOES stands a proof.”—Thus MALICE cries,
 While CANDOUR blushing, scarce that proof denies.

—Rouze, Britons rouze ! retrieve your injur'd name,
Preserve Barbadoes, and preserve your fame ! *

Since Patriotism, immesh'd in courtly snare,
Glories the foul inglorious Badge to wear
Of servile Pomp : and dares (how meanly bold !)
Barter celestial Fame for earthly Gold ;
And of his shameful honours vainly proud,
Struts, smiling stately, thro' the fleering croud :
—Gods ! who can help the peerling to deride,
To see his tongue with purple ribband ty'd ;
While chuckling all aloof, a Northern Crew,
The piteous Spectacle with rapture view :—
—That suasive, voluble, inchanting tongue,
On which applauding Senates list'ning hung ;
Which us'd so loud for Liberty to roar—
—Is still—is dumb—is gagg'd—is heard no more.
—Like some stout surly mastiff C—— stands,
Who long had guarded well from ruffian hands .

* The Author has great pleasure in observing, that several Sums subscribed since the above lines were written, towards the relief of these unhappy Sufferers, have, in a great measure, obviated the foregoing Reflection.

His master's safety—(like a mastiff too
His private Interest ever had in view,
What e'er he seem'd) until at length a Sop,
With wily art into his jaws let drop,
Lays him asleep, gorg'd with the fav'ry meal ;
While cunning Rogues securely rob and steal.

Since villains live who dare e'en Heav'n oppose,
Who e'en to friendly Providence are foes,
Who Good make Evil, Evil render worse,
Destroying blessings to create a curse :
Who late when Plenty took her smiling stand,
Shedding her mildest influence o'er the land ;
With ruthless heart, with more than savage breast,
Fast in close prisons bound the heav'nly guest ;
Nay were determin'd too to send her o'er,
Like felon-convicts, to a distant shore ;
Tho' Britain's sons look'd on with streaming eyes,
And mourn'd the fatal scene in piercing cries :
Till (by our most propitious stars design'd
Firmly to rule, and ruling bless mankind)

Till George arose ; 'till he their curs'd intent,
Did like a guardian Deity prevent,
Embargo cry'd—the throng with raptur'd voice,
Hail the glad sound, and e'en with tears rejoice :
With hearts o'erflowing love, almost adore
The sacred, godlike stretch of kingly power.

Lives there a wretch who, deaf to honour, cou'd
From private pique, oppose a public good ;
Who, ignorant what CONSTITUTION meant,
Still kept the dry dull track of Precedent ;
Who ever in his tedious Disputations
Still winded long, long-winded Calculations ;
A very Cypher——ever held at nought,
Except when Figures their assistance brought ;
Who, having glean'd of Government a smattering,
About it, and about it would be chattering ;
Cry 'twas illegal, thus t'extend the right
Of Majesty : “ to save a Land in spite
“ Of fundamental laws ! and all the reason
“ The cries of Millions !—oh ! 'tis downright treason !

“ By MAGNA CHARTA, don’t we clearly see
 “ That Parliament to every Decree,
 “ Must in concurrence join? and that no Law
 “ Unstamped by them, should e’er obedience draw?
 “ Why then unwarrantably save the State!
 “ Why not the sense of Parliament await!
 “ Rather by far than from old maxims swerve,
 “ Let ENGLAND *constitutionally* starve.”

—If such a Slave there be (thro’ all her plains,
 Britain, that such a Slave there IS, complains)
 In former ages had he liv’d, and view’d
 Our blessed Lord and Saviour doing good;
 Had he beheld him on the Sabbath-day,
 Dismiss the poor diseased in health away;
 His heart, no doubt, had shook with pious awe,
 At such a flagrant horrid breach of Law;
 Doubtless that Slave the Pharisees had join’d,
 And with them ’gainst the Son of God combin’d.——

Since from all this it might be clearly shewn,
 That we’re in Vice unrivall’d, and alone,

Obedient to her sinful dictates more,
 Than ever sinful Nation were before ;
 Still, tho' the painful scrutiny I wave,
 Anxious my Country's sinking Fame to save ;
 Yet FOLLY still, this CANDOUR must allow,
 Ne'er rose to such luxuriance as now.

S. You're mad, my Friend—

M. THE OPERA at once,

Will justify the Sentence I pronounce :

It is by Heav'n (reply'd the wrathful Sage

His bosom swelling with indignant rage)

A. vain, dull, vicious, empty, sing-song Age.

J. H. A. B. T.

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OVID.

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TO THE
CANDID READER,
AND TO THE
Critical, Monthly, and London REVIEWERS.

I WILL not confine myself to the general Custom of Authors and Editors, in assuring my Readers, that this trifling Piece has exceeded my most sanguine Expectations; I am content it answered the End I expected; (which could not be very aspiring at a Season when it first appeared). The Encouragement it met with justifies another Edition; and, (as I suspected) it has displeased a few, and pleased many.----A Work of this Kind deservedly or undeservedly is ever sure of Enemies from the Critical, Monthly, and London Reviewers; who, notwithstanding their own avowed Impartiality, are ever ready to pour forth a Profusion of malignant Abuse and low Puns upon every Trifle published. The most Classical Writers (except of their own learned Bodies) are loaded with an ample Share, which often incur the Displeasure of the candid Reader, to the no small Prejudice of the Trite Reviewers. There are some among these learned Bodies, who

Rules for good Sense they first indite,
And then shew Nonsense when they write.

ON these I can bestow no other Appellation than, SQUADRONE VOLANTE, or Flying Squadron who seem at perpetual War with Authors of the same Degree, to determine who has a better Title to a Place in Bethlem College; and in my Opinion the Arguments of the former seem most conducive to an Admission.

Messieurs Critics, I have the Start of you now; though I grant, upon your Hobbies and a Month's Journey you may overtake me.

The Critical Reviewers, in their Preface to the Second Volume, say, "MODESTY, even tho' void of Literary Merit, may always claim their FAVOUR and ASSISTANCE." I cannot perceive thro' all their Volumes any Favour shewn, but to those Classical Writers whom their Censure would little effect, and to the SQUADRONE VOLANTE of that truly learned Body.

MODESTY;

MODESTY; if I conceive their Meaning (if they have any) is for the Poet of bright Talents to devote his Muse to low, obscure Objects; and if he introduces a Hero or Heroes, let them be of that low Stamp, which so gracefully adorn the Critical Reviews, i. e. Chimney Sweeps, Shoe Blacks, &c. &c. (great Room for a Pun) on such adorning Similies; exert thy Imagination, O modest Poet! until the Call of the rare Caledonians pronounce, "Rise, and be Great."

PRESUMPTION, is the Poet all Genius, no Learning, who boldly risks his little Stock in the vain Pursuit of Fame; his shallow Depth of Learning is soon perceived by its Clearness. A Fox-hunting is never joyous, but when loud Tantara's fill the Ground. He falls a Prey, first to the Reviewers, then to the Trunk-makers and the Moths; and bewails in Silence, "How barren would be the Works of Critics, did they not murder an Author with his own Weapons!"

THESE Impartialists may urge, "Modesty never discovers her Face for their Assistance; and that they are at an unceasing War with Pride, Insolence, and Presumption." I grant they are ever embodied to slay the Shadow of a Shade. All is Victoria! without Loss of Blood! The Public claim no Share in the Spoil. The Critics and the Moths engross the whole.

THE AUTHOR.

THE

T H E
POETICAL REVIEW.

RETURNING Summer's sweet refreshing Morn !
That glads all Nature in her early Dawn :
Her sweet refreshing Odours, Balmy Gales !
Entic'd me forth to Hills and Sunny Dales ;
Where Nature's happy Warblers tune their Lay,
And harmonize the jocund Summer's Day.

Secure, retir'd from the Busy Town,
Upon a Sunny Bank, I lay me down ;
A Friendly Oak, whose sweet embow'ring Shade
Form'd a cool Retreat from the parch'd Parade.
Nor could bright Phœbus' Rays, obstruct the Stream
That murmur'd by, and aided in my Theme.

Here smooth Reflexion, may no Limit know
 No flutt'ring Coxcomb No impert'nant Beau !
 To interrupt me, in my wild Career
 On Nature's object, as they may appear.

Thus happ'ly blest ! my Fancy took her Flight,
 Which in the bust'ling Town had ne'er seen Light.
 On Men, on Brutes, on Produce of the Field,
 On each gay Object which Dame Nature yield
 I gave a Thought;---but chief of all my Plan
 Was on the great and noblest Object M A N !

Thus to myself, I inwardly recount,
 Tho' great the Object, to what small amount
 Is Life of Man, who thirsting after Fame,
 When Life's Lamp's out, the Wise the Fool the same.

How various are the Births of those who write,
 From Tom the Tinker to the garter'd Knight !
 All undistinguish'd, mingle in the Rabble,
 Where one write Sense, twenty only Babble.

As the indust'rous Bee roves forth for Honey,
 So write each Author for the gain of Money ;
 From ev'ry blushing Flower steals the Sweat
 And works it to a Substance for his Meat :
 Then richly feasts' upon the Work he wrought ;
 And spurns at Poverty in tatter'd Coat,
 Or should the hungry Beggar look askant
 He wonders at the Impudence of Want ?

The Matter grown too frequent for surprize,
 Thus busy wrapt in Thought, I clos'd my Eyes,
 My Muse attending to my wand'ring theme
 Withdrew a Curtain, and display'd a Scene !
 A Scene of what ? ---of Fury, Toil and Rage !
 The many boasted Writers of our Age ;
 Each with his Goose-Quill ready for a Flight
 To lofty HOMER, or to low Delight,
 Of sing-song Nonsense of our Northern Bulls,
 Till Streets re-ecchos with rebellious Toils.

Behold a comic Hero formost comes ;
 The Muse presenteth him with Fifes and Drums !
 More skillful March, ne'er cross'd the River Boyne ;
 The Marches on the comic Bard B U R * * * * E.
 To Arms and Arts in youthful Years been bred,
 And Captive Honour to the Field him led :
 But fully eager for the glorious Prize,
 He spurns at Danger, and pail Fears defies ;
 He headlong plunges to his utmost Station,
 And risks at all,---at e'en Capitulation.
 Oh fickle Fortune ! false, inconstant Friend,
 To deign the comic to a tragic End !

A trifling Thing comes forward to my view ;
 A Libel-Writer, skipping what is true :
 Who sells his Country for the gain of Pelf,
 And Damns the Statesman he would be himself :
 In pitch-patch Verse he shews each Year's Campaign,
 And hacks at Mis'ries in our happy Reign :

A Reign of Mildness,--too supremely so
To those who are to Lenity a Foe.

Were Justice to o'ertake the abject Wretch
A Halter would with grace his Body stretch ;
The Conq'rors and their Author void of Use
Should make their Exit in a Hangman's Noose.

What Ghost is this, so meagre, pale and wan?
Alas what do I see?--Theatric Sam!

Some wicked Dæmon, thro' mere dint of spite
Has sent him here in this sad wretched plight :
Ha ! Kingston's Duchess now would laugh to see
Her vile Oppressor in this Misery.

Yet hark ! he speaks---soft murmuring I hear ;
The broken Accents half confound my Ear :

“ A wicked Wit as ever was I've been,
Shew'd others Faults, meanwhile my own I'd skreen :
Virtue and Vice, alike I made my Tool,
And held them forth as Marks of Ridicule.

Discreetly, POPE and CHURCHILL us'd the Rod,
 And Villains trembled at their sacred Nod :
 But all alike, alas I made my Trade,
 Shew'd Scenes of Villainy in Masquerade.
 Forgive me all, ye injur'd Sons of Men !
 (So I was once, but ne'er can be again)
 Forgive me noble Ducheſs thy Disgrace !
 Forgive me ! tho' thou'lt never ſee my Face.
 A wicked Life I've liv'd,---I own with Shame,
 I gain'd my Living in a ruin'd Name.
 At laſt full ſtopt---my Muſe I then forſook,
 I fold my Patent and my Station took .
 In my own Field,---no longer a Partaker,
 But glad to act the humble plain Haymaker ;
 Nor held that long,---not many Months were ſpent
 When Death call'd home---his true---true Penitent !
 Ye Sat'riſts all, be warn'd by what you ſee,
 Touch Vice alone.---Farewell ! ---remember me. "

Here's sharpening Bob!---at ev'ry shuffl'ing Plan
 Then Bob's at Home---aye Bob's the very Man!
 Defies the learned Bench---his Fingers snap
 And wipes them closely in his dear Rat-Trap.
 Bob loves not Justice. She can never bind him
 Tho' forty Pounds are offer'd those who find him;
 For Bob's a Cheat,--a Ministerial Writer,
 A common Bilker,---and a great Indicter.
 A Noble Duchess* freed him from a Goal,
 And made him 'tend her,---at her very Tail:
 Cloath'd him, fed him, and smiled in his Face
 And made him sole Possessor of her GRACE.
 Ungrateful Bob, despised all her Gifts,
 Return'd again to live on Quirks and Shifts.
 When Ministerials want a dirty Job
 They know their cheap and truest Workman's Bob:
 For Bob is harsh; at good or bad he levels,
 And swears her Grace's Head and Heart's the Devil's.

* Duchess of Kingston.

Yon dismal Cloud! like Smoak of sulph'rous Pitch,
Reveals the foaming Preacher of Shored***h.

Here forward comes the varied-colour'd Varlet;
In Pulpit, Black,---in Play-house, Gold and Scarlet ;
His changing Talents ev'ry Fancy hit,
The gay Theatre, or devout Pulpit.

At Church how fervent---how devout his Pray'rs,
And at the Play-house, how his Heroe swears,
There does the GEN'RAL, with his merry Mates
With Oaths support the Rival Ca*d*d**s.

Dame Fortune how doth thou divide thy Gifts ?

Now the Parson to the Heroe shifts ;

O senseless Harlot ! short of Wisdom's Store,

Or else this Priest had been a Commodore.

Nor will true Brav'ry in disguise be hid

Nor should the Brave for Valour e'er be chid :

Who can forget the Annals of that Day ?

Or who forget the Bloody, dreadful Fray ?

('Twixt Gen'ral B*TES and the New Morning-Post)

Such the murder'd---and such the Number lost.

The Fight began at Six, one Summer's Morn,

When B*T*s sent out his Pack with early Horn :

Nor was he yet deficient in his Plan,

A Troop was rais'd at one Pound one per Man.

The hired Troop was flanch,---that I can tell,

For they were all Book-binders to JACK B*LL.

Yet thus it was that they began the 'Fray

At early op'ning of a smoaking Day.

The drowsy Troop, call'd from the sluggish Camp

By noisy Horn-Men, early on the Scamp ;

They met,---O dire Confusion ! ---on they fell,

All Cath'rine-Street bore Witness of the Yell !

Here a Horn was crackt across a Head,

There fell one,---and here another bled,

There a tatter'd Coat had lost a Skirt,

Here an Eye knock'd out, there but half a Shirt ;

'Till at length the Rev'rend Gen'ral came,
 He shook his Head,---and SWORE it was a Shame.
 They heeded not the Rev'rend Admonition
 'Till he became alike in their Condition.
 An Arm full stretch'd with all it's venom'd Fire
 Gave him a Blow and laid him in the Mire.
 The Gen'ral fell! ---all Courage then was dropt,
 Each Arm was still,---of cource the Battle stopt.
 The Rev'rend Gen'ral rear'd his MUDDY Head
 Upon the Curb reclin'd, thus to them said:
 " Ye Brutes of Binders who are yet alive!
 Ye basest Men! with whom do ye connive?
 Those are my Men, whom ye slaughter'd so,
 That would assisted, ye, against my Foe;
 Your Treachery shall make you rue this Day
 I am that Quack, without a Cure---no Pay.
 But you my Men, for Time to come it shall
 Be on your Caps wrote the ORIGINAL. "

Up rose the muddy Gen'ral from the Field,
 He grinn'd, and shook his Head, then homeward reel'd.
 Thus thro' Scenes the Rev'rend Culprit's Tost,
 With no Defence but in his Morning-P**t.
 So many now his Enemies are grown,
 That not a Glimpse of Lenity is shewn.
 He now pursues another Writing Course;
 Drove from the Drama, to pursue a worse:
 And Eagle like, on lofty Pinions soars
 In washing white the Senate Black a Moors.
 He's ever Plotting,—ever at Invention,
 How to gain his main Design a Pension;
 For that (the Man is grown so firm and true)
 He'd sell a Kingdom and his Freedom too.
 Oft' in the Pulpit have I seen him smile
 With graceful see-saw (Organs play'd the while,
 Then Rev'rend Nod to Ladies in the Isle.

But now no more Restraints canonical,
 Since ser'ous Preachers can turn comical;
 True comic Scenes to Bucks,—what's more delighting,
 Than to see a Rev'rend Parson Fighting?
 Such worldly Broils each Christian Parson hates
 Except such Puritans as Parson B***s.
 Fight on Sir Rev'rend! thou art surely right,
 Thou can but be—a Black-a-Moor wash'd white.

Here comes an armour'd Coward from his Den,
 Who dauntless Poisons with malicious Pen
 Each Lady's Fame, where Scandal has made free,
 And introduces in his Adultry!
 Where Rumour with his vast unnumber'd Tongues
 Oppress the Innocent with guiltless Wrongs,
 Where fore-ey'd Envy has with hatred seen
 The flowing Tresses of the Cyprian Queen,
 Where Youth and Beauty has the Captive led,
 Then Malace burns—and Envy Damns the Deed;

Or should th' enamour'd Youth return a Smile,
 That doth the Feelings of his Heart beguile,
 With arrow'd Swiftnefs, round the Scandal's spread
 That Lady B. defil'd his Lordship's Bed.
 Her Grace was caught in Private tete-a-tete.
 With Billy Dimple kneeling at her Feet.
 His Lordship faunter'd 'midst the gaping Mall!
 In close Confab with LADY BETTY BELLE,
 " Oh hedious Wretch ! " cries Madam Foible, " there
 Is Lady Betty come to take the Air,
 Uncoach'd, uncurtain'd, in her dangling Chair ; " }
 I think she might have let the Storm allay'd
 Before she had again new Conquests made. "
 Such shallow Substance fed the Author's Brain
 To brand with Infamy, the guiltless Name !
 Around keen Satires lash is heedless lay'd,
 And Vice and Virtue are alike display'd,

Are equally expos'd s' in Fancy's Wing,
 And equally th' unwelcome Tribute bring.
 Thus the brave Author doth attack the Fair
 And thus leads Virtue in his fetter'd Snare.
 That those once blest in Hymen's filken Bands
 No longer can the pleasing Joys command.
 Thus base Dishonour takes despotic sway,
 And Malevolence 'fore Reason leads the Way.
 May every Ill the abject Wretch attend
 That would not Virtue's injur'd Cause defend :
 Let puffing Papers spread his Fame around,
 With all the Glories, which his Work abound ;
 When Silence deigns to give a Moment's Place,
 I'll raise my Lyre! ---and seize the happy Space,
 Then shall my rough untutor'd artless Song,
 Be number'd in the more enlighten'd Throng.
 Thus my young Muse the British Fair shall claim
 To plead their Cause, and their just Rights maintain,

There shall the Libel'd-Husband meet Redress
 And be restor'd to Peace and Happiness.
 Thus ever ready at the Fair One's Will,
 The Muse shall then exert her utmost Skill.

What next appears, is diff'rent from the Ton,
 A ragged rawbone Ghost ! ---a Skeleton ;
 Close to his Chin a Scrole like Parson's Band,
 Hands to his slender Waist ; stretch'd by his Hand
 Some Lines conspicuous, plainly may be read,
 Betray the Author is in need of Bread.
 And thus begins his sad, his mournful Ditty,
 (If not his Lines, his Person might force Pitty :)
 " Awake my slumb'ring Muse, and sound thy String,
 To pay thy Tribute to the Drama's King ;
 She smiling rises from her soft Repose,
 And thus assists, while I with Joy disclose :
 " O Sov'reign Garrick ! deign my Verse to hear,
 Unto my feeble Effort lend an Ear,

While I the humblest of the Muses Train
 Attend on Thee, who on the Summit reign :
 Blest ! tho' retir'd from the busy Stage,
 Thou reign'st an Honour in a corrupt Age:
 Genius' surest Patron, yet what is more,
 The constant Friend and Father of the Poor.
 Blest with such Virtues ! who can but admire
 With zealous Rev'rence, Thou the Age's Sire ?
 Lear, Hamlet, Richard, all away must hie,
 And with the peaceful Manes of Shakespear lye ;
 While Toil and Discord now must rule the Stage ;
 In vain their Heroes, bluster, storm and rage.
 The Merit they possess must be their own,
 For now a Tutor to them is unknown.
 An unskill'd Manager doth take in Hand
 What none but Thee, with Justice could command.
 Let SH*R***N from partial self forbear,
 Who vainly thinks he Nothing has to fear,

'Cause he's Preceptor to Theatric Bards,
 He writes himself, all Other disregards ;
 Seeking the Road to Fame with headstrong Vigour,
 He clips and smuggles much to make a Figure :
 Old Wit glar'd over in a modern Drefs,
 The shallow Judge the Sterling Ore confess.
 A Play that is with prime Performers cram'd,
 Is well infur'd from being hift or damn'd :
 Supposing then the Language, meanly low
 And ev'ry Stroke a borrow'd Vanbrugh flow,
 Tho' e'er so mean the Plot, the Time or Place,
 Such great Performers must the Fable grace. *
 For flowing Speech with force of manly Action
 Transport our Reason, leaving no Reflection ;
 That Pill-like sweeten'd, on our Sense they force it,
 Which had been damn'd in th' impartial Closet.
 Thus Merit will soar to her highest Pitch,
 No matter if in Words or Actions which..

* Such great Performers as in the School for Scandal.

Extent of Mercy Covent-Garden's shewn,
 (A Mercy which by far exceed his own);
 To his first Rivals, his Juvenil Piece, †
 Allow'd him one Chance more the Town to please,
 Then calmly bore it, and allow'd his Nights
 And then consign'd to Dust his youthful Flights.
 But when that he receiv'd old Drury's Reign,
 He forc'd it on th' indulgent Town again :
 (Left on Fame's Ladder he should loose one Round
 He rather would the judging World confound ;)
 Few Nights it past—the Town not over danty'd
 Yet would not swallow—what they knew was tainted.
 The climbing Bard—so fond of Industry,
 Will steal the Fruit from CONGREVE's ripen'd Tree, *
 Or write a Paragraph to praise his Work,
 A true Sophister at a quibb'ling Quirk.
 But then,—O dreadful ! —other Authors starve !
 By him are punish'd when they don't deserve.

† A Play allowed to be withdrawn for Amendment. * Altering the Old Bachelor.

They write,—present---and each Manœuvre know,
 Yet ne'er can bring their Exercife to show,
 Now Princely SH*R**N, let me advife
 That you will not inferior Bards defpife,
 Let them but have a Chance for what they write,
 They may get Money, if no Honour by't.
 And deign to give an Answer when they fend, *
 Civility will always gain a Friend:
 They may be Simple, yet 'tis you to dandle,
 Preferve their Friendfhip,-then you're free from SCANDAL,
 Put on the Gait and Air of Pleafantry,
 Their good Word gain'd, you are from RIVALS free,
 Like Steeple Bell, you'll be founding Tenor,
 And Ring in SCANDAL, RIVALS and DUENNA !
 Then Mufic will thro' all thy Fam'ly reign,
 Old KNOLL† compofe, and thou join in the Strain. ”
 On march'd the meagre Bard, in fearful Stride,
 Devoid of Greatnefs, Confequence or Pride.

* Never any Answer on Stage Bufinefs, but, “ Not at Home. ” † Mr. L*N*L*Y.

See Toothless M*CK**N from Hibernia's Shore,
 Whom Fortune did unceasing Blessings show'r
 On M*CK**N's Youth! ---sole Ruler of the Stable
 And rais'd him to attend my Lady's Table.
 Profusely fed, then Genius took its Flight,
 Thanks to my Lady for its Birth to Light,
 Or yet he ne'er had known to Read or Write.
 Flusht with the flowing Genius of his Mind,
 To Ladies Frowns and Liv'ries unconfin'd
 Lo Shylock came! ---O Reader deign to know,
 His Words, his Actions, all---a Shylock show.
 For sweet Revenge! ---he'll ev'ry Corner pry
 And sees an Advocate---with half an EYE.
 Once turn'd the Lect'rer of Dramatic Rule,
 Dispers'd his Wisdom left himself---a Fool.
 Too gen'rous M*CK**N, thus to waste thy Breath,
 And not to save enough to speak Mackbeth!

By Age infirm, unlike when thou was Young,
 No Breath,---no Teeth---but yet thou prov'd a Tongue.
 Macbeth's too fierce! thy aged Lungs to fute,
 But I allow there is no greater---BRUTE!
 I saw Thee first appear---thy TALENTS shone;
 ---I must pronounce thou art the BRUTE alone:
 Yet Thou of Brutish Actions should beware
 When you Rehearse* the inexperience'd Play'r;
 That if their Word and Action, do not fute,
 You should beware how you enact the BRUTE.
 For female Players love a soft Advice;
 Your Smiles for Frowns, should now and then suffice,
 Or else in Time---perhaps they may rebel,
 Their Army's strong, that you could not repel:
 Tho' thou art Brave! ---the Brave must sometimes yield,
 Or they may turn Thee grazing in the Field.
 Ungrateful R*DD*SH from the Stage of Drury—
 To bring his Firey SPARKS to raise thy Fury.

* Mr. M**KL*N is Duputy Manager.

But thou ! (O injur'd Man ! my Heart is goaded.)
 Brought Pamphlet-Proof (no Afs was e'er more loaded)
 To fhew the unjust Arts, uncommon Raill'ry
 That iffu'd from the Mouths in lower Gall'ry ;
 Yet tho' the clam'rous Houfe all made thee Sport,
 Thou neatly nick't them in another Court.

Here's bouncing WILL, long fpurned from the World,
 Thro' many Blasts and Hurricanes been hurl'd,
 From Poft to Pillow fhifted by his Mufe,
 Who (like his Patrons) often doth abuse
 The env'ous Falsehoods ! and malicious Spite !
 That K**D*K dare to aét, I dare to write.

A daring Tale* he forg'd,---of courfe muft ftrike ye,
 He fwore that Roscius mourn'd the Loss of NIKEY :
 Horrid Slander ! the Author flood confeft,
 And with his Libel juftly was fuppreft.

'Twas Wanton WILL that fought the Seat of Fame,
 In Ruination of an honeft Name :

Lamentation of Roscius ; or, Love in the Suds ; publifhed about three Years ago,
 but juftly fuppreft.

Injustice taught him how to rule the Pen,
 (The Pride of Knaves, the Scorn of honest Men)
 The Scandal Trumpet, 'stead of that of Fame
 Proclaims his Malice, and points out his Shame;
 His Fame grew Black, old Friends grew all uncivil,
 He then turn'd Commentator at the Devil. *
 The School of Shakespear, there was taught with Art,
 For Graceless Billy, grac'd each topping Part :
 In Falstaff, he inimitable shewn,
 That Critics swore---'twas drawn for him alone !
 They further hop'd (in height of Critic Rage)
 To see the Monster---crawling---on the Stage.

At length his Friends grew tir'd of the Devil,
 WILL thought it hard, that they were so uncivil;
 Yet the Bill hung out, in hopes to tempt ye,
 'Till the Room when full,---Alas was empty !
 The Scholars all were fled from Shakespear's School,
 And, left Poor WILL ! --to play the Simple Fool.

* Devil Tavern.

Constrain'd to leave,--in vain his Skill he strives
He knew the Proverb,--when the Devil drives.

Drove from the very Devil, where must he
Find Friends for Comfort in Extremity?

His DUELLIST * at Covent-Garden damn'd,
Tho' borrow'd Scenes the whole Performance cram'd,
It would not take,---the Aud'ence won't accept it,
And off the Stage, like Orange Peel they swept it.

Then Mobst† were rais'd o'er half the circling Town,
Which almost shook the thund'ring Gall'ry down,
All prov'd in vain, hard Fate had so decreed
That Billy and his Play---was damn'd indeed!

Again he wrote a Political Piece.
With Title false, the cred'lous Town to fleece:
A comic Op'ra, called the DUENNA!
He artful publish'd in a Play-like Manner:
The unsuspecting Buyer takes the Book,
And now no further than the Title look,

* A Play almost verbatim (in many Parts) from Fielding's Pamela.

† Large Bills were stuck up thro' the Town, to create a Mob in the Play-house, unless they wou'd re-act a Play, which had been legally damned, according to Theatrical Expression.

'Till more at Leisure, he pulls out his Play,
 And finds the Matter tends another Way :
 Then Damns the Author, round the Room he frets,
 And swears he'll seal it 'mongst the rest of Cheats:

If those are Steps to ornament the Man,
 Guard me, O Heaven ! from so base a Plan,
 Rather unknown, uncourted let me pine
 In Bed of Straw, within that sad Confine
 Of Bedlam's-Walls ; there my small Pittance have,
 Than Liberty and Knowledge—call'd a Knave.

But see amidst the crowded, varied Throng,
 Lo COLMAN comes to 'luminate my Song !
 No fullen Anguish loads his chearful Brow,
 He comes a Summer's Day midst Frost and Snow.
 The Critics all pronounce his New Play* short,
 He's short himself---and pray is that a Fault ?
 Had it liv'd Five Acts, and the Cause been try'd
 How could the Critics bring it, SUICIDE ?

* A Comedy of Four Acts,

Behold his blooming Laurels, how they spread,
 The flowing Branches half disguise his Head.
 Let Envy sneer, let Folly make her her Joke
 And say 'tis Charles again within the Oak :
 But I more stren'ous will his Merits praise
 And swear 'tis COLMAN in his Bush of Bays !
 The Bush secures the valu'd hidden Treasure
 Which fallies forth at ev'ry Time of Leisure.
 Ha ! fruitful Bush ! half Covent-Garden's Pride :
 What's Apples, Pears and all her Flowers beside,
 Since thou art gone ? her Beauty all may yield,
 And own 'tis planted,---in Poor FOORE's Hay Field.

I know that COLMAN's easy, gentle Mind
 Will soon forgive a Fancy of this Kind.

The vent'rous Poet, when he's out of Depth
 And strug'ling hard for Shore with want of Breath,
 Will on the glassy Surface gently float
 Regain his Strength, and then assume his Note :

Ye Poets all, seriously attend
 Unto the Doctrine which I recommend ;
 Would all to COLMAN's gen'rous Soul unite,
 Would all from Knowledge, not from Envy write,
 Then Sprigs of Laurels would your Temples grace,
 Nor Time, nor Envy, ever could erase ;
 Then Britain's Sons might pour without Controul
 The gen'rous Flowings of a British Soul.

Despise the Arts or Rules of Defamation,
 Glide smoothly on the Road of Reformation.
 Let COLMAN guide you to those sweet Delights,
 Delicious Transports, and those pleasing Sights
 Of quiet Days, and unmolested Nights.

I know their kindled Rage---my Plan despise
 And in their Breasts', revengeful Passions rise,
 That big with Malice they will fall forth
 And I must fall a Victim to their Wrath :

Oh! horrid Shock! (how fickle is Life's Span)
 Yet more horrid! that Man's Murderer's Man.

Still to my Sight a mixed Croud appears,
 The Guiltless smiling, while the Guilty fears:
 The Secret springs that doth inspire those,
 In future Time my Vision may disclose,
 Regarding Merit in its early Dawn—
 My Vision's ending——see the Curtain's drawn!
 The judging Critics* may condemn my Piece,
 Or stamp the Value, as their Judgement please.
 I'm all Submission to a candid TOWN—
 Despise my Efforts, or my Wishes crown.
 Or let the judging World my Task perform,
 Admire the Christian, and the Villain scorn;
 Then Vice shall rot, sink her imper'ous Head,
 And Virtue forth her sweet Infusion spread.

* Monthly Reviewers.

ERRATA. Page 2, l. 4, for object read Objects. P. 3, l. 17, Bulls. Broils. P. 4, l. 4, the, than.
 P. 7, l. 14, Quisks, Quirks. P. 14, l. 1, s' in, on.

T H E E N D.

T H E
ORANGE-GIRL at FOOTE'S
T O
S A L L Y H A R R I S.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

[Price One Shilling.]

T H E
O R A N G E - G I R L at F O O T E ' S
T O
S A L L Y H A R R I S :
O R,
The T O W N to the C O U N T R Y P O M O N A.
A N H E R O I C E P I S T L E.

To the LADIES of this Virtuous Age.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo---et fingitur Artibus :
Jam nunc & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur Ungui.*

To the Modern FINE GENTLEMEN.

*Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor, sanguine Gallico.*

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. B L A D O N, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

MDCCLXXIII.

J

T H E
 O R A N G E - G I R L at F O O T E ' s
 T O
 S A L L Y H A R R I S.

WELCOME, fair Nymph, from HOCK'RILL's gloomy
 Plains,

To this gay Town, where wanton VENUS reigns ;

VENUS, who smiles, rejoic'd in thee to gain,

An Acquisition to her blooming Train.

See unfeign'd Sorrow, Rage, and deep Despair, 5

Seize on all NELSON's Nymphs; and MITCHELL's Fair ;

For much they fear that thy fresh, rural Charms,

Shou'd lure the wand'ring Rakes from their weak Arms.

See POWELL weeps, e'en in her new-built Coach,

And trembles for her Lord,* at thy approach. 10

B

While

* Lord SEAFORTH.

While STEPHENSON plays o'er each winning Art,
 To guard the feeble GROSVENOR's fickle Heart.
 The proud DU TAY thy Charms with Envy sees,
 Fearful lest they young EGREMONT should please.
 With Grief she sees, as nearer you advance, 15
 A Bloom superior to the Rouge of FRANCE.
 Thy native Roses make her false ones pale,
 With Nature Art compar'd, will ever fail.

Welcome, dear Sister, welcome. I alone,
 Of all the Girls in this gay, vicious Town, 20
 Thy Youth, thy Bloom, thy Charms unmov'd can see,
 Untouch'd by Envy, free from Jealousy.
 Cheerful and young, and void, like you, of Art,
 I trust to Nature's Charms to gain the Heart;
 'Tis Health's pure Bloom that o'er my Cheeks is spread, 25
 I use no artificial White and Red :
 Each Wash, each Daub, to ARCHER I resign,
 Let her of Beauty a fair Picture shine ;
 None paint so well, 'tis by the Town confess'd,
 Except her little lovely Sister---WEST ; 30
 Leave

Leave them to blaze with GROSVENOR from afar,
Like varnish'd Dolls, hung out 'at Temple-Bar.

Like you, tho' gay my Heart, tho' warm my Blood,
The tempting Pow'r of Love I long withstood ;
Not e'en KILDARE my virgin Ercaft cou'd move ; 35
Fat CHEWTON sweats in vain to gain my Love ;
To flatter me, the ever-gallant HARE
Leaves his lov'd CLARKE a Prey to black Despair.
For me young CHARLES † the Dice-box oft foregoes,
And Cards forgot, for once with Love he glows. 40
EGMONT forsakes his Hounds and favourite Horse,
And, wond'rous ! quits for me th' unfinish'd Course.
His budding Horns, while my soft Hand he press'd,
CRAVEN ne'er felt---I smil'd his Soul to Rest.
These, and a thousand more, long strove in vain, 45
With Vows and Bribes, my Favour to obtain ;
My generous Heart refus'd the proffer'd Bribe,
And scorn'd the Macaroni filken Tribe.

But Love, enrag'd that I shou'd brave his Pow'r,
Once, in a soft, unguarded, fatal Hour, 50

Produc'd

Produc'd a manly Youth, blest with each Charm
 To blind our Virtue, or our Pride disarm ;
 Yet he was poor, unpenfion'd, and un plac'd,
 Lord of no Lands, and with no Titles grac'd :
 He ne'er had plunder'd INDIA's hapless Shore, 55
 For Millions sunk in Seas of native Gore :
 To Fortune and to Fame he liv'd unknown,
 New to the World, a Stranger to the Town.
 With freshest Health, and strongest Vigour blest,
 His amorous Hand first press'd my panting Breast. 60
 My timorous Steps with soft Persuasion led,
 Where sportive Love had rais'd the wanton Bed ;
 There clasp'd me ardent to his strong Embrace,
 While Love and Fear strove, blushing in my Face ;
 Till I, at length o'ercome, resign'd my Charms 65
 To the warm Circle of his glowing Arms.

Far other was thy Fate, unhappy Maid !
 Whim and Caprice thy erring Heart betray'd :
 In LYTTLETON what didst thou hope to find ?
 His Body *worn* with Lust, with Vice his Mind. 70
 Say,

Say, cou'd his languid, his enervate Frame,
 Wither'd and dry, appease thy potent Flame ?
 Thou, who so oft had view'd both bad and good,†
 Love's Weapons better shou'd have understood.
 Say thou, whose large Experience ought to tell 75
 How far one Man another can excel ;
 Or Fame's a Liar, or thy tender Hand,
 The gallant PEMBROKE's mighty Spear has span'd.
 Tall CHOLM'LEY's too, " with active Vigour strong,
 " Thick as thy Arm, and faith almost as long ;" * 80
 Yet wanton GROSVENOR says, insatiate Fair !
 Large as it is, there's not a Jot to spare.
 Such have you view'd, whom not thy magic Hand,
 Nor all thy Art, could ever force to stand ;
 Their Heads dejected, lost their youthful Pride, 85
 Lifeless they lay, like BLAKE by his young Bride ‡
 While others, all impatient of the Deed,
 Have darted o'er thy Charms th' impetuous Seed ;
 Then while warm Blushes crimson'd o'er your Face,
 You wish'd th' Offender in his proper Place. 90

C

But

† Vid. The Rape of POMONA.

* ROCHESTER.

‡ ARTHUR BLAKE, who ran away with Miss GARLAND, which young Lady, by his own Account, is yet *une veritable Pucelle*.

But maiden Fears and Modesty withstood
 The Voice of Nature, and the Warmth of Blood ;
 Till thy fond Heart to LYTTLETON allow'd
 To gain thy Virgin-Treasure---if he cou'd.

O, scarce a perfect Maid, yet scarce a Whore, † 95
 By me instructed, be deceiv'd no more.
 My Muse experienc'd shall direct thy Ways,
 Thro' this enchanted Town's perplexed Maze ;
 Teach thee (too well it knows) to shun each Snare.
 Laid for the young, the innocent, and fair. 100

Let not a HAYES, or COLLINS, with curst Art,
 Tempt thee with Health and Liberty to part.
 The hapless Negro, from his native Land,
 Borne to Jamaica's much more savage Strand,
 To some stern Brute, on that accursed Coast, 105
 Some human Brute, to every Feeling lost,
 Sold as a Slave---and doom'd to toil away,
 In ceaseless Labour, the long scorching Day ;

To

† POPE's *Sappho to Phaon*.

“ O scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy---”

To smart beneath the Whip, to drag the Chain,
 To linger through a Life of Tears and Pain ; 110
 Wretch as he seems---light are his Woes, compar'd
 With the poor Girl's, by some old Bawd ensnar'd :
 Her blooming Charms, her youthful Hours, are doom'd
 To be by Anguish and Disease consum'd ;
 She's doom'd to be of Lust the abject Slave, 115
 To end her Sorrows in an early Grave.
 Far happier Lot, from such curst Bondage free,
 Poor to remain, but blest with Liberty.

Trust not alone to Beauty's fading Flower,
 Or Youth's fresh Bloom, thy Fortune to secure. 120
 Blest with Love's sweetest Smile, with sparkling Eyes,
 With Breasts of Snow, that softly fall and rise,
 With Youth, Good-nature, and an Angel's Face,
 And with a Shape that would a Venus grace,
 Ill-fated KITTY wanders through the Town, 125
 Her Charms neglected, and her Worth unknown :
 She wants that winning Art, that certain Grace,
 Which conquers surer than the fairest Face.

How

How few, like POLLY,† find a faultless Youth ?
 How few can equal her in Love and Truth ? 130
 See on her Breast her chosen EDEN lies,
 “ And drinks delicious Poison from her Eyes. ‡ ”
 Thy Park, O GREENWICH, and each conscious Grove,
 Is oft the Witness of their mutual Love.
 Can that soft Flame still dwell in PARSONS’ Breast, 135
 Which palsy’d Age, with his cold Hand has press’d ;
 Tis not her Charms, ’tis her ingenuous Mind,
 That did a GRAFTON---doth a DORSET blind.
 How few, like HARRIET,* rise to Wealth or Fame ?
 What Crouds are sunk in Poverty and Shame ! 140
 See MUIRE and KENNEDY declining fast,
 And THOMPSON scarce two Winters more will last.
 Fled are those Charms which late subdu’d each Heart,
 Love and CHAMPIGNON are compell’d to part,
 Where are DUBURGH, COXE, HAYWARD, SPENCER,
 STONE ? 145
 Their Hour is past, and they are now unknown.
 Each Winter sees some favourite Beauty rise,
 She blooms all Spring, and in the Summer dies ;

The

† POLLY JONES.

* HARRIET POWELL.

‡ POPE’s *Abelard and Eloisa*.

The Nymphs bound 'prentice to the wanton Trade
 Are, like the daintiest Flowers that soonest fade, 150
 Fair to the Eye, and to the Senses sweet,
 Men pluck, grow tir'd, and cast them at their Feet.

Be this your Plan, to this alone attend ;
 Seek not Admirers, gain one real Friend.
 In public Places let your Charms be shewn, 155
 The loveliest Face is nothing, if unknown.
 Come then, dear Nymph, with me here take thy Stand,||
 The Basket dangling from thy snowy Hand ;
 Together thro' the Boxes will we go,
 Whisper each Rake, and ogle every Beau. 160
 Thy wanton Eye, thy every graceful Charm,
 E'en vigour-wanting BUNBURY shall warm.
 To thee, on tiptoe soft, see MARCH advance,
 Deck'd out in all the Frippery of France :
 See atheist TWITCHER comes, that old lewd Goat, 165
 Whose harden'd Features every Vice denote ;
 Let not his tempting Tongue thy Passions move,
 He'll pick your Pocket while he's making love.*

D

Pale

|| At FOOTE's Theatre.

* Vid. an Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

Pale as the pamper'd Hope of some fond Mother,
 See TOMMY STORER---TONY's own dear Brother ; 170
 A Pair so justly match'd, 'tis hard to tell
 Which doth the other by one Vice excel.

See B-LINGER-KE, the gallant once and gay,
 Gloomy and sad as the worst Winter's Day ;
 The vilest Trull, cull'd from the Strand's vile Hoard, 175
 Reigns the proud Mistress of that abject Lord.

But chiefly mark that Youth, who skulks behind,
 Sullen he seems, dejected much of Mind,---
 'Tis LUTT'RELL---who betray'd his Country's Cause,
 Laugh'd at her Rights, and broke her noblest Laws. 180
 Shun him---ye young, ye unsuspecting Fair,
 For he is skill'd to ruin and ensnare :
 There's scarce a Day but, by his Art beguil'd,
 Some frantic Mother weeps her wretched Child.
 One Girl there was,*---Oh, 'tis a Tale of Woe, 185
 Would make the Tears from sternest Tyrants flow ;

Nor

* *One Girl there was*, &c.—The melancholy Story of this unhappy young Lady, will soon be published by a Friend of hers.—She is the same young Lady whose Beauties are attempted to be described in Verse 121, &c. of this Poem.

Nor have I Time, at present, to relate
The lost, forsaken KITTY's hapless Fate.

Detest this worthless Tribe, this vicious Race,
With their unhallow'd Touch, pollute not thy Embrace;
Deaf to their Words, and to their Bribes prove blind, 191
We many LUTT'RELLS for one EDEN find.

F I N I S.

